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BENEATH THE CLOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

By and by will come a day
When the fresh and fragrant clover,
Springing from my tiseless clay,
All my bed will sparkle over:
I shall rest beneath the clover.

In a quiet, lonely spot,
In the green and sunny valley,
I shall sleep, by most forgot,
Where the south winds love to dally.
I shall sleep within the valley.

Some will say: "Poor heart, she's gone—
All her earthly labor ended;
In her busy life, now done,
Light and shade were strangely blended:
Let her rest—her work is ended."

Some will say "She had her share
Of earth's trials, well she bore them;
Who life's stormy path would dare,
Could they see what lies before them?
Earthly trials, well she bore them."

By and by there'll come a day,
When I sleep beneath the clover,
You, perchance, will pass that way,
And the lowly bed discover,
Where I sleep beneath the clover.

Will you stop a moment, then,
On the past to sadly ponder
Ere you onward pass again
In the world's rough ways to wander?
Will you on the past then ponder?

You will say in that still time,
When you stand upon the clover:]
"All her heart was ever mine."
All my faults you'll then pass over,
When you stand upon the clover.]

Will you let the mantle's edge
Of your charity fall o'er me?
Think of thorny path and hedge
That have barred the way before me?
Let your mantle's shade fall o'er me.

You will breathe no harsh reproach,
Bear within your heart no malice;
You will know that life to me
Was not ever love's sweet chalice—
You will bear me then no malice.

Then my rest will sweeter be,
When I sleep beneath the clover,
If I know I'w'ix me and thee
All my faults you strive to cover;
Sweet I'll sleep beneath the clover.

GERONIMO,
OR THE FETTERS OF FATE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI CONSCIENCE FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DUDLEY WINTHROP MOORE.

CHAPTER X.

Shortly after the closing of the Exchange Simone Turchi had returned to his house, and was probably preparing to go out again; for he had taken off his light doublet and put on a darker one, while his evening cloak lay on a chair beside him. He appeared to be in a very good humor; he held his head proudly erect, a radiant smile lit up his face, and, as a new thought struck him ever and anon, he paused in his preparations to rub his hands together in triumphant satisfaction with himself. Julio had left for Germany. Nothing had impeded his trip, for it was almost night, and no one had seen him in any part of the city. So Simone Turchi had nothing further to fear; for, if his garden were searched and Geronimo's body discovered there, he would not have the least trouble in convincing everyone that Julio had perpetrated the crime.

By a few vague words spoken to his servants and acquaintances, Turchi had already prepared the way to have the accusation accepted, should it become necessary, as was natural. He had particularly shown himself very uneasy because Julio had not returned during the night or the whole of the next day. According to his account, on the previous evening he had severely rebuked and reproached his servant for his dissolute habits, and the negligence with which he fulfilled his duties. Julio had fallen into a sort of despair over the reprimand, and had gone out muttering a menacing adieu. Perhaps Julio had sought to forget his master's fresh remonstrances in the bottom of the drinking-cup, and was waiting for night in order to return. So the servants thought; but they could not comprehend their master's anxiety. Furthermore, Turchi declared that he had noticed something mysterious about Julio of late; that he had surprised him at times with his head in his hands looking fixedly into vacancy; that he heard him groan, murmur and heave heavy sighs in solitude; in one word, he believed that Julio had a burdensome weight on his conscience, and was pursued by either remorse or fear.

Early in the morning he had sent Bernardo to his Summer-residence to assure himself, in appearance, that Julio was not there. Bernardo had brought back word that he had neither seen Julio nor discovered any trace of his presence, except, perhaps, in two bottles of wine that stood upon the kitchen-table. Simone pretended that it was he himself who had had the bottles placed there, and Bernardo had not failed to avoid the matter to trouble his head further.

Simone Turchi would certainly have gone to his garden on that day himself, to make sure that Julio had actually left and done his duty carefully; but he feared his presence in that neighborhood would excite the attention of the bailiff's agents, or compel him, perhaps, to assist in the perquisitions, if it was intended to extend the search ordered by the magistrates as far as his garden. When night came and the perquisitions were over, he would go to his country-seat and visit the cellar, to see with his own eyes whether things had been done to suit him.

The hour had arrived. As dusk had gradually begun to take the place of daylight, the agents of justice must have already suspended their search, and the signor would no longer be likely to meet any of them in the hospital meadows. Having thrown his cloak over his shoulders, Simone quitted his abode, turned the corner of the street with a light step and heart, and hurried toward the Meir square, taking the street running parallel with the Katharine rampart. He had scarcely proceeded halfway up the street, when he espied in the distance Van Schoonhoven the bailiff hastening to meet him. A smile overspread Turchi's face; he was glad that chance threw the bailiff in his path, because it would give him an opportunity to know the result of the search instituted. When the two had exchanged a polite salutation, Van Schoonhoven said:

"What a lucky meeting, signor! I was on my way to your house."

"To my house?" repeated Turchi, curbing his surprise. "Have you news from my poor Geronimo?"

"No, signor; I wished to speak to you about a thing which is not serious, though it necessitates an interview with you."

"Well, honored sir, let us return to my house," stammered Turchi, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"Where were you going, signor?" asked the bailiff.

"I was going for a short walk along the Schelde, in search of some diversion for this grief which Geronimo's disappearance causes me."

"What I have to say to you, signor, will not interfere with your walk. I will go a space with you, and also take advantage of the fresh evening-breeze."

The bailiff turned and continued up the street with Turchi, who, prompted by anxiety and curiosity, questioned him with his eyes. When they had gone a few steps farther, and found the way clear of all pedestrians, Van Schoonhoven resumed:

"The matter I have to speak to you about, signor, is all the more painful to me as you are my friend, and I must solicit your indulgence in advance. You know my agents are ransacking all the houses, buildings and gardens, especially in the hospital meadows, in which direction Signor Geronimo was last seen. The greater part of this neighborhood was gone over to-day, every unknown corner was thoroughly examined, yet not the slightest trace of the crime was discovered."

Simone Turchi comprehended what the bailiff was aiming at, and, though his heart throbbed with agony, he strove to appear calm, and said in a careless tone:

"And you think my garden ought to be ransacked also? It is quite natural; no one is beyond the power of the law; knight and commoner occupy the same position in its eyes."

"Be sure, signor, that I should never have thought of paying such a disrespectful visit to the house of an estimable gentleman, especially when that gentleman has been the best of friends to me for years; but this affair renders it necessary that no exceptions should be made. You may believe, signor, had I my own way, I should make the exception in your case, notwithstanding. The presence of more than twenty officers of the law in the hospital meadows has troubled the residents of that neighborhood. The search was conducted before the eyes of a large and curious crowd; and when the people noticed that yours was the only residence excluded from the rigid perquisition, they began to clamor and accuse the magistrates of injustice. It is likely that my agents excused themselves by saying that I had ordered them not to search your garden. At all events, the thing was noised abroad this afternoon, and reached the ears of the burgomaster and aldermen. These gentlemen have requested me to have your garden ransacked also, so as to leave no ground for the accusations of the people."

"All these explanations are superfluous, sir," broke in Simone Turchi. "Let my country-seat be searched, like the other residences in the hospital meadows."

They were not far from Meir bridge, and remained silent a few moments, because they found themselves surrounded by a number of pedestrians. Farther on, while passing along the Cemetery of Our Lady, Turchi said:

"What wounds me in this matter and makes me, so to speak, groan with rage, is the want of respect and the audacity of the people. How ridiculous and stupid it is! One would think that *I* it was who killed my best friend. Oh, I can feel my blood boil at this mad thought!"

Simone's anger was only affected, but he had greedily seized the opportunity to conceal beneath this fallacious passion the anxiety that tormented him. He had been prepared for the announcement that the perquisition was to be continued in his garden, for he had foreseen such a possibility, and had taken his measures accordingly; but now his heart quaked with frightful doubt, for what would be the result of this perquisition, and how would his intended disclosure be received? The least unforeseen incident, the least circumstance, might betray him.

"It is scandalous!" he cried, clinching his fist. "To think that the public dare intimate even that I, a knight, might possibly be guilty of such a dastardly crime! Oh! I shall find out who these impudent calumniators are, and then we shall see if Antwerp justice knows how to protect an innocent stranger from the slanderous clamors of the populace!"

"Calm yourself, signor," interposed Van Schoonhoven. "I understand your indignation, and it is well founded; but you would be greatly mistaken were you to imagine that the perquisition in your garden had any other end than to satisfy an ignorant public. I hope you will not think ill of me, signor; but I must bow before the will of the burgomaster, who, I may add, has the greatest esteem for you, and is grieved that necessity should exact such rigorous measures."

"You need make no excuse, honored sir," said Simone, calmer in appearance. "It is quite natural that my property should be included in this search. It is the insolence of the public that irritates me. Do your duty, and continue as formerly to honor me with a friendship which I am proud of, and which I shall ever endeavor to merit."

"When will it be convenient for you to accompany me and my agents to your country-seat, Signor Turchi?" queried the bailiff.

"It is quite immaterial to me."

"No, choose the hour yourself; I do not wish to put you to any trouble or annoyance."

Simone Turchi reflected a moment and replied:

"I shall be occupied to-morrow morning with urgent business, which cannot be neglected for a moment; midday would be about the best time for me."

"Be it so! Shall we say two o'clock?"

"Yes; between two and three."

"I will join you at your offices, signor, whence you will accompany us to your Summer-residence. As for this search, let it give you no concern whatever; it is merely a condescension towards the people. Shall I have the honor of seeing you at Lord Van den Werve's this evening, signor?"

"I do not know, honorable sir," returned Turchi. "Miss Maria's excessive sadness tears my heart and turns my head so that I cannot find a moment's repose. Oh, if I could but offer the slightest consolation to the unhappy girl! But what is the use of my mingling my tears with hers when not a ray comes to brighten up the darkness that surrounds us?"

Van Schoonhoven paused and wrung Simone's hand.

"Your friendship for Geronimo honors you, signor," he said. "Were he your own brother you could not mourn his loss more. A character so noble as yours is seldom found. Geronimo was your friend, but at the same time he was an obstacle that prevented the accomplishment of the dearest wish of your heart. Out of sympathy for him you gave up your beautiful dream. Now that the poor fellow is gone, the charming Maria will feel more keenly the gratitude she owes you, and who knows whether, after all, since you have her father's esteem, your former reveries will not be realized?"

"Oh! let us not refer to this," said Simone with a sigh. "I would give all the happiness the future could promise me to see my poor friend safe and sound again. But alas! alas!"

"That does not prevent your nourishing the hope, signor, that, if Geronimo has really departed this life, you will receive one day the recompense for your faithful friendship and magnanimous generosity. Well, to-morrow at two o'clock. Adieu, signor. God be with you."

"May He guard you likewise, honored sir."

Van Schoonhoven turned and retraced his steps towards Meir square.

Simone Turchi looked after him thoughtfully until he disappeared from sight entirely. Then Simone glanced about him, as if to make sure the evening shades had really fallen, wrapped his cloak closer about his person, and turned into a side street to the left, which soon led him to the deserted hospital meadows, and before the door in his garden-wall. He inserted a key in the lock, pushed open the door and crossed the garden, whose obscurity rendered the paths invisible. When he had entered the house he lit a lamp and ascended to the story above, to a room which, in the better days gone by, he had been wont to occupy as a bedroom when he passed the night in his country-residence. He threw off his cloak and sat down near the table. Painful thoughts must have crowded his brain, for his face worked continually and changed color rapidly. He had drawn a little vial from his doublet and turned it over and over before his eyes with a sort of mechanical movement. Little by little, however, the cloud that darkened his spirit seemed to break away. He returned the vial to the pocket of his doublet again and murmured, after a few moments of calmer reflection:

"Why should I be so frightened and tremble like a leaf? Didn't I expect this search? What have I to fear? Am I not prepared for this emergency? Julio is already so far off that no one can overtake him. If the body is found in the cellar, well, I will lay the crime at Julio's door. My explanation is so well prepared that not a soul will suspect me. But it is a terrible throw! Wealth, consideration, power and Maria Van den Werve's hand against my life and the honor of my whole family! Triumph and be happy forever, or succumb and die on the scaffold. If I were to go at once to the bailiff and accuse Julio of the murder, there would be still less ground for suspicion. No, no, a hasty and superficial perquisition will be made here, in order to satisfy the people. If Julio has arranged everything well below, a glance into the cellar will suffice them. My presence will impress the officers of the law, and they will not dare to push their search far enough to wound me. If the body isn't found, as it is probable, the affair will be hushed forever, and henceforth I will be free of all fear and anxiety. Come, cheer up. Let's go to the cellar and see how Julio has done his duty."

He approached a large cupboard, took up a bottle, poured out a large glass of wine and emptied it silently, then seized the lamp and quitted the chamber hastily.

On reaching the ground-floor he went straight to the entrance of the cellar; but when he had cast his eyes down the stairs into the black depths below, he hesitated and made two or three steps backwards.

"It is singular," he said; "an irresistible fear is taking hold of me! I am agitated and recoil with fright before this gloomy hole as though the dead could rise from their tomb to avenge themselves. What! I had the courage to strike him when he was alive, and yet I tremble on approaching the spot where his remains rest! Come, come, away with this childish terror!"

Though his words were resolute, Signor Turchi did not seem reassured, and his heart beat violently as he again approached the entrance to the cellar. He even stopped a moment hesitatingly, looking down into the dark passage; but he finally placed his foot on the first step. Hark! He started and listened. He could hear a slight noise coming from without the building.

"What is that?" he asked himself. "Am I not mistaken? Someone is opening the garden-door with a key. Am I betrayed? Do they expect to surprise me here?"

He fled far from the cellar, stood his lamp upon a table and murmured, his hair bristling with terror:

"Somebody is opening the house-door! Someone is in the house—coming this way! Heaven! what can it be?"

A man appeared on the threshold of the room in which Simone Turchi had taken refuge.

"O Julio, my cursed servant! Julio! it's Julio!" cried Simone, a prey to the most violent despair, and sinking upon a chair overwhelmed.

The servant staggered a little and appeared intoxicated. His cheeks were red, his eyes wild; a smile played on his lips, which proved that his master's presence surprised him disagreeably, though his effervescent anger gave him little concern. On entering he had held in his hand a small rye loaf; but he hastened to cram it into his doublet as if wishing to conceal it from Turchi.

Having fixed a withering look on his servant, Simone Turchi rose abruptly and said in a thundering voice, clinching his fists:

"This is too much! Miserable traitor! cowardly rascal, where do you come from? Did hell itself send you back to bring misfortune both on your head and mine? Speak, detestable drunkard, speak, and try to give me a reason for your presence here! Quick, or I'll knock you writhing at my feet. My knife thirsts for your blood!"

Julio drew his dagger from its sheath and stammered, with a thick tongue:

"Wait a bit, signor. Wine, soft wine, has blunted my ideas. You want to kill me? Really, it wouldn't be so bad if one of us was to breathe our last here—it would give the executioner so much the less work. But our knives shall decide which one is going to give the first account of himself on high. I'm ready."

"Insolent scamp!" vociferated Turchi, grinding his teeth; "my own salvation and yours force me to be careful; but do not brave me. Come, let me hear why are you not on your way to Germany?"

"That's a question I don't exactly understand myself. But wait! Just as I was going to leave I dropped in at the Crowned Swan and drank a few pints of beer. This morning I woke up beside a table in the Silver Die. And how I got there the Devil only knows. It was already too late to go home, and I came here to spend the night and take a little rest before setting out for Germany."

"And you have been throwing dice again?" said Turchi in a hoarse voice.

"I think so; because the rattle of dice is still singing in my ears."

"And the money? the two hundred crowns?"

"Be easy on that score, signor. I don't ask you for anything, do I? What difference does it make to you whether I've spent or lost a few gold pieces, so long as I intend to go to-morrow?"

"Damnation!" muttered Simone Turchi, in despair. "The first tavern you pass on the way will tempt you. Instead of shutting your eyes on the allurement, you will open them wide and go in—deaden your senses, squander my money. By all the fiends, Julio, I will choke you!"

"To-morrow morning at daybreak I will be on my road, signor," said Julio, starting back; "and if I drink on my way, it will only be because I want to quench the burning thirst that follows me like a pest."

A mysterious light shone suddenly in Turchi's eyes; but he remained calm outwardly, and simply shrugged his shoulders, saying in a gentle voice, like a man who submits with resignation to the adversities which lot gives:

"I ought to punish you for your falseness, Julio. Had the bailiff come here this morning with his agents, as I had reasons to believe he would, your culpable neglect of duty would have betrayed both of us into the hands of the law. Luckily, the search has been postponed until to-morrow noon. So your negligence has done me no harm thus far, and I consent to pardon you whom and you on condition that you leave the city before sunrise, and travel without stopping until you reach the Rhine."

"Have no fear this time, signor," replied Julio. "I'll spend the night here and be off at daybreak. I'll buy a horse in the first town I come across, and whoever catches me then must have wings—that's all I've got to say."

He yawned and stretched his arms above his head.

"How I'd like to sleep!" he went on. "I'm tired to death. If you have done with me, signor, allow me to go to bed. I'll be fresher for my journey in the morning if you do."

"Then I can trust you, Julio?"

"You needn't bother yourself any more about my journey, signor; that's my business. The sun won't find me in Antwerp."

"Surely?"

"Just as sure as there's a rope hanging over my head and something else quite as threatening and disagreeable over yours."

This pleasantry made Turchi wince; but he knew better to control himself and left his seat.

"Julio," he said, "would a good glass of Malmsey be to your taste?"

"Do not put that question to me, signor?" said the servant, laughing. "I was just thinking that a good swallow of Malmsey would do my parched throat good—and here my wish has found an echo in your mind!"

"Just one glass, Julio; a farewell bumper."

"As you will, signor, one glass or many—everything will be welcome; especially the excellent wine you keep in the cupboard of your private bedchamber upstairs."

"Well, then, follow me, Julio; you shall have a glass of it and drink with me to the success of your trip."

He took up the lamp, crossed a small hall, and ascended a flight of stairs. The servant followed him with a staggering gait, leaning against the wall for support. On reaching the room, Turchi drew another chair up to the table, and said to his servant:

"Take a seat, Julio; here is a bottle already uncorked; were it not that I feared you would fall asleep, we would empty it in honor of your departure."

Julio let himself drop into the chair, took the bottle and held it up to the light.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed—"scarcely four glasses more in there. You needn't fear that will put *me* to sleep."

Signor Turchi had taken two large glasses from the cupboard and set them on the table. He filled them to the brim, saying:

"Well, Julio, to a good journey; may you reach your port in safety."

Both emptied their glasses at a draught, and the servant pushed his towards the bottle, murmuring:

"Oh, what divine liquor! it's like a balm running down my parched throat. Another glass, signor, I beg you!"

Simone filled the glasses again and said:

"Yes, but on condition that you wait a while before drinking anew."

Julio fixed his greedy eyes on the wine, which smiled at him from the glass in a provoking manner; but the hope that obedience would be worth a third to him gave him the strength to resist the temptation.

Meanwhile Signor Turchi contemplated his servant with a strange expression. In his eyes burned a sombre fire, and about his trembling lips hovered the sickly smile of triumphant perversity. It was evident he was not watching his servant unintentionally, but what was his object?

Julio he stretched out his hand, making a feigned attempt to take his glass, and in so doing upset its contents upon the table. He uttered a cry of vexation, picked up his glass and said:

"It is a sin to spill such good wine in that manner; but we will make up for the loss. Rise, Julio, and get another bottle in the cupboard. Perhaps this is the last time we will drink together. The bottle is on the third shelf—the one with a long neck."

Julio rose with some difficulty, and proceeded as well as he could towards the cupboard, which stood in one corner of the chamber. Simone Turchi thrust his hand into his doublet and drew out a little vial. He hastily emptied almost its whole contents into Julio's full glass, and quickly concealed the vial; then, though his whole frame shook, he said in a tone that did not betray the least emotion:

"A little higher, Julio; there, to the left—that's it—bring that bottle."

The servant brought the bottle to his master, who uncorked it; but when about to pour out the wine he went on:

"Come, Julio, empty your glass. This is not the same wine; the mixture might spoil the taste of both."

Julio gulped down the contents of his glass. But scarcely had he swallowed the wine when he looked at his master with stupefaction, mumbling:

"What was in that glass? It tastes so bitter—so strange—as if you had poisoned me!"

"What nonsense!" said Simone, turning pale.

"You're quite capable of it, signor."

"It was the dregs of the bottle, undoubtedly. Come, Julio, drink another glass, and this bad taste will pass off."

"No, sir, it has gone now, indeed," murmured Julio, after emptying a fresh glass. "But never in all my life did I taste anything like that."

With his eyes riveted on his servant, Turchi seemed to watch eagerly for the slightest movement indicative of the effects of the poison he had surreptitiously administered to the unsuspecting man. Meantime, he said, with feigned indifference:

"Mind that you are up at daybreak, Julio. Go on foot as far as the city of Lier; buy a good horse there and make haste to set out for Aerschot and Diest; it is the shortest route and much safer than the highways. Once in Cologne, you will be out of danger; yet mind you do not stop there long, for the merchants of Antwerp often come there; you might be recognized, and possibly arrested and brought back to this country. You must go farther—much farther—beyond the Emperor's territory. When this affair is forgotten, or when I come into possession of a fortune by my union with Maria Van den Werve, I will write you to return and retain you in my service, more as a friend than a servant. You shall lead a good life, and never have cause to complain of what you have done for me. You say nothing, Julio. Don't you find such an enviable lot a smiling one?"

"I'm dying with sleep," gaped Julio, in a voice almost unintelligible, bobbing his head like a man fighting in vain against an overwhelming drowsiness.

A smile of triumph distorted Turchi's visage.

"To-morrow, at two in the afternoon," he resumed, "the officers of the law are coming here to search this house; but the bailiff will suffer nothing to be done that may savor of the slightest suspicion. Since you have filled the cellar with firewood and empty casks, nothing will be discovered, and the bailiff and his men will go away convinced that the object of their search is not here. Maybe I will be able to call you back in two or three months, Julio."

The servant's head had sunk upon the table; but Julio still made a movement from time to time and mumbled a few indistinct words, which proved he was not asleep yet. Suddenly he heaved a long sigh and stretched himself out rigidly as if death had struck him abruptly; but his throbbing bosom and the warm color of his cheeks showed he was not overcome by a deep sleep. Simone contemplated him a while longer, with a contented smile on his lips. Then he arose, approached him, shook him violently, and cried in his ear:

"Julio, Julio! wake up, Julio!"

Julio did not move.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MLLE. MARIE MARIMON, Operatic Vocalist.
For Biographical Sketch see "Amusement Annals."

OLD SLEDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

You may eulogize whist as a game which requires
The skilful skill of our English sires;
You may risk your luck on a draw at poker,
Or patronize euchre—but not with the joker:
You may find that in cribbage there's something to do
When you lay out a sequence, or fifteen two;
You may build at cassino, or enter a party
For a quiet bout of piquet or ecarte—
But there isn't a game in the whole of the pack!
That can hold a candle to high-low-jack!

Blest Puritan game! in the far-away time,
When innocent sport was condemned as a crime,
The boys of New England would hie them away,
To a friendly barn with its sheltering hay,
On the afternoon of the Sabbath day,
To digest the sermon we had to dodge,
With thy multitudinous charms, Old Sledge!
They shuffled and dealt with a cautious hand,
For their pasteboard friends were contraband,[
But ever and oft, as they made their scores,
They carelessly called the game "all fours";

And afar on the California slope,
In the days when the Argonauts, flushed with hope,
Were searching for "pockets" and staking their claims,
They counted you then the prince of games.
By the blazing camp-fire gathered round,
What solid comfort in thee they found!
Those bearded men, who carried their lives
Clutched in their hands, as they carried their knives,
Dealt out the cards and brimmed their cup
Of earthly pleasure with seven-up!

With all thy changes of form and name,
At heart, Old Sledge, thou art still the same;
Thy laws are the laws of life in a way,
Where all must shuffle and deal and play;
Where the pack is cut by those who would live,
And some must beg and some must give;
If we hold the high it is safe, we know,
But we need to be cautious with only the low,
For a knave will carry his point like a brick,
Where a king would fail at taking the trick!

EQUATORIAL GAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY N. D. URNER.

I forget what especial saint's day it was upon which I witnessed the wild sports that form the subject of this paper, for over one hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five are devoted to church celebration, with attendant gala festivities in the afternoon, in most of the Spanish-American countries that I have visited. But, at any rate, it was at Guyaquil, on a blazing hot day, as days always are in that latitude, where the equatorial line is said to run through the centre of the principal street of the city.

From morning till night the plaza was thronged with a motley and noisy assemblage of Indians, negroes, mulattoes, cholos (half breeds), sailors from the ships in the river, natives who boasted their unmixed Castilian stock, and others, of all ages, both sexes, and every condition; a hundred little fair-booths were spread around the square for the sale of sweet cakes, sugar-plums and matte tea in an abundance and cheapness sufficient to content the poorest of the women and children, while spirituous compounds of the most villainous and headstrong quality were to be had at low enough prices to frenzy such of the men as were disposed to drink; and the festivities, which took place on the outskirts of the town in the afternoon, were of a varied and in some respects most novel character. But it was not until we had witnessed two bull-fights and an exciting game of Aycha that Mr. Martin, my cicerone, informed me that we were presently to witness a couple of prize-fights.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have established the P. R. right here upon the equator!" I exclaimed, with an incredulous stare.

"Oh, it has been firmly established here from time immemorial," said he laughing. "Only our aspirants are negroes; they fight with their heads instead of their fists, and, as a general thing, the contest is for the favor of some dusky duicinea, rather than the moneyed stakes, which are of trifling amount. But come, let us follow the crowd to the cockpit, where the fight is to take place."

On our way thither we passed a shaded pool where a number of mountaineers—mule and llama drivers, guides, pack-men and others, wild-eyed, savage and independent looking fellows from the great slopes and table-lands in the neighborhood of Quito—were washing down their horses and mules with great care, as if in preparation for some event of more than ordinary importance.

"They are preparing for the senorita-chase that will take place on yonder plain immediately after the prize-fights," said my companion, pausing a moment that I might inspect the scene at my leisure. "Do you mark those two athletic young fellows, who are rubbing down their ponies so near together, and who yet eye each other so darkly and malevolently?"

"Yes."

"Well, they have so long been rivals for the affections of Carmen, one of the prettiest and most coquettish of the Indian mountain-maidens of this vicinity, and have had so many quarrels upon her account, that their history is well known in Guyaquil. She leads them a pretty race to-day, and, I believe, has signified her intention to reward with her hand the one who catches her, and thus put an end to the rivalry. Of course, she will manage to be caught by the one she secretly prefers, and then I predict there will be trouble, sooner or later. These primitive people, in spite of their ordinarily innocent, happy-go-lucky ways, are extremely revengeful in their love affairs. Even their Church can only half tame them, and its influence for the good among them is wonderful, as you must have observed."

"'Tis a woman-chase that is also practiced among the Indians of North America and the Tartar nomads of the Asian steppes," I observed.

"Yes," said Martin; "I have often wondered at the strange similarity of the customs, rites and games that are in vogue among savage or half-savage races living in widely separated quarters of the world. But let us hasten, or the round-house yonder will be full."

The large, adobe-built round-house which we now entered was very similar to such places that are got up in the South American towns for the practice of cock-fighting, the universal cheap sporting feature of all Spanish-speaking peoples that I have sojourned among. It had luckily been rooted over with canvas, or we could never have supported the intense heat of the tropical sun. The pit had been necessarily enlarged for the accommodation of the gladiators who were expected to appear, and this had of course circumscribed the accommodations for spectators; but Mr. Martin and I managed to procure pretty good stations at the top of one of the bench-tiers, with our heads almost touching the canvas. The space was larger than that inclosed by more than one circus-tent that I have seen doing good business in New England country towns. The spectators, probably four hundred in all, were mostly negroes, but there were plenty of white natives, Indians and cholos, with a lively sprinkling of officers and sailors from the vessels in the river, and all were very noisy, though very good-humored.

Directly opposite our station were seated a number of negresses in a sort of post of honor immediately overlooking the ring, and two among them, conspicuous among their sable sisters by their youth and good looks, the profusion of their ornaments and the lightness of the bandanas that turbaned their heads with a not inartistic effect, were pointed out to me as the presiding deities of the occasion, whose ivory-husking smiles were to be the chief reward for which the fighters were to contend. A self-important darky, in a pair of yellow striped overalls, navy shirt, and brightly greased plug-hat, stood at one side of a narrow curtained inclosure, keeping up a horrible dip with an old cracked bell that hung above his head, and bawling out something at the top of his voice which was unintelligible to me, and I think to everyone else.

At length he ceased, however, and a comparative hush fell upon the assemblage. This was instantly followed by a roar of applause as the two fighters were led out from behind the curtain by their respective seconds. They were great, brawny fellows, jet-black, and stripped to the waist, besides being barefooted. Butting was to be the order of the day, and, I suppose to insure a preservation of the calves on the part of the combatants, the wrists of each were tightly bound together behind the back.

The preliminaries were very few and simple. First, the bellringer, in a loud and pompous voice, got off a rigmarole in Spanish patois, which was probably a recital of the rules that were to govern the fight. Then the seconds and their men bowed profoundly to the spectators in general and to the on-looking "fair-ones" in particular, after which the former retired to opposite sides of the ring, leaving the contestants confronting each other in the centre.

The latter lowered their heads, very much like pugnacious goats, and, each keeping a vigilant watch upon the other from the corners of the eyes, began to sidle around in a circle, each evidently bent upon taking the other unawares. At length the shorter and heavier gave a sort of snort and dashed headlong upon his opponent, who, however, deftly received the blow upon his shoulder, and then, wheeling as quickly as thought, drove his black forehead full upon his assailant's ear, with a concussion that would have fractured an ordinary skull, and laid anyone but an Ecuadorian negro senseless upon the sand. The recipient, however, merely shook his head as if he had been hit with a dough-ball, and at once retaliated by shooting his crest into the stomach of his opponent, who was completely doubled up, and straightway began running around the ring, to recover his wind, hotly pursued by the shorter, amid the vociferous plaudits of the assemblage.

The bedizened black women guffawed, beat their thumb-nails with their fans, exclaimed "Bravo! bravissimo!" in affected tones, and otherwise aped the coquettish manners of fine ladies at a bull-fight; the better-to-do portion of the spectators stretched over the rails or leaped upon the benches, and, elevating their right hands stuffed with coins or bank-notes, vociferated their bets at the top of their lungs; and the majority contented themselves with bawling out the name of this or that favorite, "Vasco" or "Sancha," and giving utterance to shouts and screams of encouragement. The scene altogether, in its moral aspects, partook equally of the characteristics of an ordinary prize-fight and the board of brokers in a critical condition of the stock market, with, perhaps, a slight advantage in favor of the Guyaquil gathering.

The darkies soon got at it again, and, after a good deal of "fibbing" at close quarters, with apparently no other effect than to bruise and ensanguine each other's faces considerably, Vasco, as the shorter seemed to be called, suddenly broke away, as if in impatience and disgust at such child's play, and, retreating to his second's side, howled forth a challenge to "counter," or to try a square and unavoided rush at each other. At least, such it seemed to me, as well as I could make out his lingo, and Sancha, his opponent, at once responded with an assenting shout, interlarded with curses and oaths.

Each second now held his man by the shoulders, and at a signal from the bellringer (who appeared to be the umpire of the occasion) let go. The fighters, with lowered crests, leaped over the ground like bolts from bow-guns, and came squarely into collision, frontal bone to frontal bone, in the centre, with a force that baffles my power to adequately describe. I have seen infuriated rams in conflict, and their shocks of collision were certainly tame and feeble in comparison; it was rather like the meeting of maddened bulls in rivalry for the fairest heifer of the herd.

There were a crack and a thud, a spurt of blood, and then a mutual recoil, as each fighter reeled back from the force of his own blow, showing Sancha, perhaps, the more damaged of the two, though his opponent was also badly hurt, a long, crimson line running across the forehead, just below the over-tufting wool, from which the blood gushed in a sheeted stream, almost blinding him.

Yet he saw well enough to note that his opponent was the more stultified and weakened by the encounter, and he was the first to recover, renewing the charge by a sideiong rush, which Sancha feebly sought to evade, but could not help napping just under the left ribs, and with a force that shook him up even yet more severely. He retaliated by giving his assailant a back-headed butt, or toss, under the chin; but the reprisal lacked vim, and, before he could again recover himself, Vasco drove his head into his midriff with the force of a catapult, and the taller champion was stretched, panting, bleeding and groaning, upon the ground.

Round after round followed in rapid succession, Vasco ordinarily getting the better of each, until finally the tables were unexpectedly turned. At the last round, Sancha, though very feeble, dexterously avoided a blind, wicked charge that was meant to finish him, and his antagonist plunged with mad impetus against one of the posts at the side of the ring. We could distinctly hear the bones of the skull crash and crunch beneath the shock; but the luckless darky still kept his feet, dazed and bewildered. Sancha paused an instant, as though unable to at once appreciate the unexpected turn that had placed the game in his hands; then, launching himself headforemost upon his confused and paralyzed opponent, he brought him a blow behind the ear that sent him to grass and put an end to the contest.

The successful gladiator was conducted by his second to the stand occupied by the women, where the negress for whose smiles he had so battled placed a wreath of bright-red trumpet-flowers upon his scarred and battered brow, and also spoke some words, which were attended by long-continued applause, while the unconscious form of the unfortunate Vasco was dragged out of sight.

"Vasco will certainly die after the punishment he has received," I said to my companion.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Martin, laughing. "In three days he will be clamoring for fares at the mole, for Vasco is one of the best boatmen on the river. But see! they are already preparing for the next contest, and I anticipate fun of a different kind. One of the next fighters is a mulatto suspected of being a coward; if so, you will see the roasting that he will get from all quarters."

But the predictions of men "gang aft astray." In the next contest, not only did the mulatto prove no coward, but he effectually laid out his opponent in three rounds, or charges, that lasted less than fifteen minutes—the first fight, with its brief intervals of recuperation, had covered over an hour—and the brutal sport was brought to an end.

The preparations for the senorita-chase were complete when we reached the broad plateau, about a mile away, whitherward all the merry-makers were rapidly tending, and upon which a large concourse had already gathered. The sport was much the same as many of my readers have doubtless seen described by travelers among the wandering Tartar tribes of the Asian steppes, and which also prevails as a custom, I am told, among some of our own Indian tribes of the Far West.

A wife-hunt is perhaps the most appropriate name that can be given it. The girl-rider is pursued by one or more of her admirers, in proportion to her good looks and general popularity with the opposite sex, and, though the race is often an angry and exciting one, she is mostly supposed to at last facilitate her own capture on the part of the suitor whom she really prefers, which renders it a case of mutual and bona-fide wooing, after all; and in this it is a more genuine affair of the heart and feelings than many of the wife hunts that are in vogue in more civilized communities.

There were three of these races on the day in question, all of them exciting and amusing to the spectators as well as participants, but I was mostly interested in the last, which involved the pursuit of Carmen, the mountain belle, by the two rivals who had been pointed out to me at the wayside pool. Carmen was a very sprightly and pretty young woman, of apparently unmixed Indian stock, to judge by the brilliancy of her clear, amber-tinted complexion, her free grace of movement, her bold black eyes and long-flowing, coarse, black hair, which streamed far below her lissome waist as she lightly leaped into the saddle, amid the laughing good-wishes of her female companions—as careless and light-hearted as she; and she looked altogether such a tempting prize as she curvetted to and fro upon her small and underbred but nettlesome steed, in anticipation of the signal for her lovers to start in pursuit, that I wondered at there being but two competitors for her hand.

"It is owing to the reputation of these two, Ignatio and Manuel," said my guide in explanation, "both are deemed by their fellows as wild and desperate men, and I suspect that they are as much brigands as mule-drivers. But look! they are off."

Yes; the word had been given, and away dashed the mountain belle, having been given fifty yards' start, with the rival grooms in mad pursuit. It was a most exciting race for several reasons. In the first place, the narrow plateau was interspersed with rocks and chaparral, which allowed of any amount of dodging—a sort of hide-and-seek on horseback, in fact; and, in the next place, though Ignatio was the better mounted, it was pretty generally understood among the spectators that his rival, Manuel, was the secretly favored, and therefore the one by whom Carmen meant to be caught. If this was the case, however, such was the energy and persistence of Ignatio that she more than once narrowly escaped having the game taken out of her hands.

At one time a lucky clump of chaparral alone saved her from his grasp, and then again he was so close upon her, with flashing eyes and outstretched arms, that she only escaped by flinging herself prone upon the off-side of her pony, and bringing it to such a sudden halt that her pursuer shot ahead far in advance; and, before he could recover himself, she was scouring another quarter of the plateau in dangerous proximity to the tardy Manuel, who was giving chase with a smile of easy confidence upon his swarthy face.

At length they all three disappeared behind a little thicket a few rods away, and their reappearance was awaited with considerable suspense, for it was felt that the affair would there be terminated. It was so, but in an unlooked-for manner.

There first galloped into view Carmen's pony without a rider. Then came Ignatio with the girl in his arms, and, riding after them, came Manuel, with a pale cheek and lowering brow, his smile of easy confidence having given place to smothered rage and troubled discontent. Carmen herself looked pale and sad as she was brought in to receive the congratulations of her friends; for, according to the custom of her tribe, there was no appeal from the result of the trial to which she had submitted herself. Pluck and horsedesh had triumphed over loving strategy and natural inclination, and the mountain beauty was destined as Ignatio's bride.

But, about a week or ten days later, when I was quitting Guyaquil for the southern coast, I saw Manuel being led to jail by a squad of the soldier-police, with a furious mob at his heels, and turned for information to my friend, Mr. Martin, who

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

L. M., Newark.—"Jack Cade" was written by R. T. Conrad of Philadelphia, Pa., who gave the play the title of "The Noble Yeoman;" but at the suggestion of the late F. C. Wemyss changed it to "Jack Cade." The late Augustus A. Addams accepted the play, and was to have originally acted the title-role. The piece was several times announced for production, but, owing to Mr Addams' unfortunate weakness, it was ever postponed. It was at length acted for the first time Dec. 9, 1854, with the late David Ingersoll as Jack Cade. Mr Addams acted the character Feb. 1, 1856; but failed to please in it. Judge Conrad rewrote it to suit Edwin Forrest's views in 1538, and rechristened it "Aylmere, or the Kentish Rebellion," and in that form it was first acted in the Park Theatre, New York, May 4, 1841. It was again altered, and reproduced under the title of "Jack Cade."

T. F., Syracuse.—The answer we gave was correct. The whole affair has been frequently published in THE CLIPPER. His remains were originally buried beneath the floor of a warehouse in the Arsenal grounds, Washington, D.C., Feb. 16, 1869, his brother Edwin received an order from President Johnson, giving him the custody of the remains, which were subsequently disinterred and given to John H. Weaver, sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, who removed them to that city, and they were taken to Mr. Weaver's house, 32 Fayette street, where Joseph Booth, a brother, identified the body beyond doubt by a peculiarly pitted tooth. The remains were deposited Feb. 18 in Mr Weaver's private vault, in Greenmount Cemetery, and subsequently were buried in Baltimore Cemetery, near those of his father (Junius Brutus) and other relatives.

DETERMINED.—1. C. W. Barry is playing a drama of his whose sub-title is "Dead Men's Shoes," which at time is its primary title. 2. B. L. Farjeon, now in this city, has dramatized his novel of "Love's Victory," and has the play with him, ready for representation. 3. "Weaver and Weir" has not been produced in this country, under that name, to our knowledge, nor can we find that it has been produced in England. But as it is a novel by Miss Braddon, it would be unjustifiable in us to say that it has not been dramatized either by herself or someone else. 4. "Within the Maze" is equally unknown to us as a play. 5. There is but one "easier way," and that is to satisfy some manager that you have ability.

MAJOR, Hortense.—Ned O'Baldwin was not matched to fight anybody at the time he was shot and mortally wounded in this city, Sept. 27, 1873. He died Sept. 29. On the day of the shooting a deposit of $100 had been put up in support of a challenge from O'Baldwin to Mace Allen, to anyone else. Nothing previously unsuccessfully tried to effect a match with Allen, and once, when a friend of the latter staked $50 forfeit for Tom to fight Ned, he had to lose it, because Allen, who was then in the North west, refused to be a party to such a match.

AUCTION.—The late Edwin Forrest began the last professional engagement he ever fulfilled as an actor in this city at the Fourteenth street Theatre, now the Lyceum, acting the title-character in "King Lear," Feb. 6, 1871. This tragedy was acted for the last time there on the 17th. On the 20th he acted Othello, which was the last part he performed in this city, on the 24th, when Mr. Forrest made his last appearance as an actor upon the metropolitan stage. He played during this engagement only five nights each week.

T. F., City.—If you had reason to believe (as from the statement submitted it seems clear that you had) that to appear with the dog at the place appointed for weighing, in face of the printed legal notice shown you, was, on its way to or from, by your principal and the stakeholder, would be to subject you to arrest, you were justified in absenting yourself, and the plea of legal interference should prevail in your favor. Under the circumstances, the proper course to have been pursued was to agree upon another time and place of meeting.

TONY.—1. There cannot be a decisive answer to the question. Naturally assumes that all other animals do not think, which assumption is no more than is to be expected of the vanity of mankind. 2. The star furnishes the company, after the engagement opens at the theatre named they will accompany him through the country.

COMBOY.—Usually there is a printed agreement, which gives the terms. It must have been by virtue of such an agreement that the things were taken; and unless there was a special clause in it giving them the power, they had no right to touch anything but the goods they furnished. Ordinarily, the latter are forfeited in default of payment.

READER.—1. When "A bets that the Irish language is only a dialect," he clearly contradicts himself. The Irish tongue is a language, not a dialect. 2. Losses are many more than five different languages.

G. W. C., Chester.—1. To distribute bills, lithographs, dodgers, etc.; salary from $10 to $20 per week (and expenses), according to ability. 2. Assistant advance-agents obey implicitly the instructions of the business-manager and their salary ranges from $15 to $25 per week and expenses.

G. R. B., Virginia City.—A Scotch terrier and a Skye terrier are separate and distinct breeds of dogs, the former standing higher and having a rough, curly coat, while the latter is low-set, longer bodied, and his coat is curly, soft and fine. If the dog bet upon was, as you say, a mixture of Scotch and Skye, the man who bet that he was a thoroughbred Scotch terrier loses.

P. AND O., Louisville.—1. Gentlemen do not usually call upon ladies with whom they are but slightly acquainted unless invited to do so, when an acceptance of the invitation is all that is necessary. 2. Request the favor of her company to the place of amusement.

A REPUBLICAN, Brooklyn.—Unless played by express or implied consent, a straight has no value at poker. When played, its precise value must also be agreed upon. It is variously played to beat three-of-a-kind and but two pair.

CHAS LOVERARY, Washington.—The outlook is not very brilliant and, if doing moderately well at home, our advice is not to undertake the risks of a speculation in which at present there seems to be little to gain outside of fame for your well-known organization.

J. A. AND P. M.—The player should say what on, but his opponent can demand a story in the bet which, if proved, would have seen that the gamekeeper marked down nothing. When the latter marked 60, it became valid as soon as another card was played. There is a time for all objections.

J. C., Hibernia.—There is no obligation about it. Should he first deal two cards and three, and always do that when it comes his turn to play, he will at least not be suspected of having "stacked" the cards. Anyone in the game can object to his changing his method.

P. H. H., Alexandria.—1. The regulation "heR" of the weight put in athletic games is 16lb. 2. Donald Dinnie put the weight 39ft. 4in. at Glasgow, Scotland, the past Summer. 3. M. M. Stritch, an amateur, slung the 56lb weight by the ring 9ft. 8in. at Chicago. Not to our knowledge.

G. A. C., St. Louis.—1. The game is variously played, being one without fixed rules. 2. A player who is ordered up cannot go alone, whether he is so ordered by his partner or by an opponent. 3. Sancho.

A AND R., Chicago.—The Presidential election is always held on the first Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November—or on some date between Nov. 2 and 8, inclusive.

INVALID, Camden.—There is no fixed rate among those sailing vessels. Got a friend to go among the shipping-agents in South street from Whitehall to Peck slip, and make the best terms possible.

J. G. H.—1. We should have to play the ace. In some coteries we should also have to play the ace, though holding the highest sight, and the seven spot being led. 2. There is no point at cards worth a wrangle among friends.

J. S., Indianapolis.—1. See some manager personally; sell it, when you can do so; solicit an engagement. 2. Certainly. 3. Easily, and much more money if he excels in his business.

R. B., Chicago.—The Boston Club won the right to fly the pennant as champions of 1878, just as the Chicagos flew the pennant of 877. The Bostons became champions in November, 1877, and continue so until November, 1878.

J. S. T., Hawk's Nest.—Not to our knowledge, the player not then "all fours." Having suit, he need not play it if he prefers to trump.

HAIR-DRESSER, Fairhaven.—A must take the place that, but for the exchange, would have been G's. B, C, F and H have rights that "must be respected."

HE DOG.—It is an arbitrary lmost. At Jerome Park, for instance, it means that the horse shall carry forty pounds in addition to his regular weight for age.

S. W. L., Federal Point.—Ordinarily, no. It is possible, however, for circumstances to arise that would render him responsible.

J. H., Buffalo.—"The Shaughraun" was originally acted in Wallack's Theatre, this city, Nov. 14, 1874. It was never acted in the 4th street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Y. F. McI., Boston.—Open a line to the gentleman, inclosing stamp for reply, and he will doubtless courteously accord you the information sought.

D. AND K., Brooklyn.—John Dwyer became champion boxer of America through the failure of anybody to accept his challenge.

D. S. W., Oxford.—B can have a sight for all the money he can put up toward calling A. The latter is to withdraw all that B cannot cover.

JACK, Rochester.—It depends upon whose "sell" it is. C cannot lose his, even though A has to deal twice in succession.

A. H.—At railroad euchre, as at any other euchre, no one can play alone but the dealer when all but the dealer have thrown up the sticking of the pack.

VIGILANT, Springfield.—A man can win who bets on what is called a "sure thing," provided there is no deceit or chicanery.

VENDE, Camp Verde.—All we know is that she married the Prince Salm-Salm, and has since been somewhat conspicuous.

F. H. L., Portsmouth.—You lose. The first name he had was Josiah, and his second Smith. He was not Smith until he was christened.

SUBSCRIBER.—They fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1865.

MRS. H. M. F., Hartford.—Address Spellman Bros., 369 Broadway, New York.

MRS. S. H., Cleveland.—We have advertised your letter for him.

READER, City.—Senator John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831.

P. METTERAROTH JR., Halifax.—No. Items of interest always acceptable.

G. AND L.—A player at cassino cannot have "two or more builds on the board at one time." He can have two.

COSGRAVE, Kansas City, Mo.—A man can win a bet on what is called "a sure thing."

TICKS, Florida.—Use Harry Jennings' vermin-destroying soap. Address him in our care.

SPECULATOR, Louisville, Ky.—The bet is off, as no pools were sold in New York on the race.

S. P. G.—The highest price we ever heard having been paid for dance-call-e was $40,000 for a seven-horn cow.

W. K. W., Washington.—There is no drawing about the block game.

G. W. J., Camden.—1. The second party scores two. 2. The second party could gain nothing by going alone.

D. H., Cleveland.—There was no revoke. D could change his play under those circumstances.

H. M. H., Boston.—The Gladiator" was first acted in Boston, Mass., Nov. 14, 1831. We have not the cast.

G. G., Mobile.—1. Not at present. 2. We cannot supply the back numbers.

TITUS VILLE.—It is the name by which he is professionally known, and under which he transacts all his business.

MRS. L. W., East St. Louis.—We have no knowledge of the party on name d, nor of the publication.

J. P. GALE, Ann Arbor.—Ed. James' book of rules; price 50 cents. See advertisement.

R. B., Rockport.—Having been told as to the limit, B cannot be charged with cheating.

J. W. B., Cambridge.—If you mean a book, there is no standard authority.

C. H. B.—If such are you can say to your partner: "I order you up and play it alone," and you can play it alone.

BILLY S., Utica.—All we know of them is that they advertise.

MR. DENIS, Chicago.—Cannot say. We have no record of his death.

MITCHAL, Brooklyn.—John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, N. Y.

CHARLEY GLEAN.—Yankee Sullivan's right name was said to be Frank Ambrose.

J. S. H., Pittsburg.—We think they would. Your last reached us by the first mail Monday.

C. H. W., Phila.—As the bet is worded, a plurality will not suffice. There must be a majority.

J. H. S., Big Rapids.—The deck being foul, all bets on that hand are void.

WASHINGTON.—Inquire at Jefferson Market, of the clerk or doorkeeper.

SPRITE, Washington.—Strictly, B wins the game through A's neglect to claim it earlier.

JOE, Lowell.—No decision upon election bets until official returns are in.

SPALD.—"Odd" is Saltiab'e, the more so in consequence of line of business not being stated.

F. G. H.—The count at double or treble penchle is a matter of agreement. The game is not a recognized one.

C. E. K.—A pistol, carried on the person is not, by the laws of this State, regarded as a concealed weapon.

S. J. J.—Jack, which is highest euchre card, beats the queen in cutting for deal.

RAMBLER, Hoboken.—It is both a newspaper and a paper of news. There is no chance there to split hairs.

OMAHA.—Johnny Lazarus has a younger brother named Lazy.

A. M. S., Thomasville.—We have no knowledge of the person named.

M. M., Buffalo.—CLIPPERS will be sent for the money received. He is traveling with a dramatic company.

OCCASIONAL READER, Olean.—Low counts before pydro.

R. L., Montreal.—After a man named Leonard, probably.

F. D., Newark.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cts.

P. AND D., Troy.—They are both now employed.

H. S., Chattanooga.—There is no such work published.

JASPER.—He is said to have so voted on April 19 last.

R. J. M., Nashville.—Get routes ahead, if possible.

P. W., Syracuse.—See answer to "P. W." A loses.

WHAWA LETTER addressed to "Yank" Adams.

D. D., New Albany.—Write to the journal named.

J. C. B., New Orleans.—We have one in your city.

STAR, Vicksburg.—They are not on public sale.

G. B. B., Virginia City.—Too late for this week.

E. AND B., Cincinnati.—The full hand wins

THE RING.

DEATH OF WEEDEN.

James Seamore Weeden died of heart-disease on Tuesday, Nov. 6, at the State Penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., to which institution he had been sentenced Nov. 3, 1876, for a period of six years for being instrumental in causing the death of Philip Kosta, alias Walker, in a prize fight, near Pennsville, on Aug. 31 of last year. His health began to fail shortly after his entrance to the prison, the supposition being that his lungs were affected, and as he continued to grow worse it was deemed advisable, during the latter part of August, to transfer him to the bakery department; but being too ill to attend to his duties, he was removed to the hospital soon afterwards. Efforts had been made by Weeden's family and friends to secure his pardon, and there appeared every prospect of his early release from prison, when death put an end to his sufferings. Particulars regarding the circumstances attending his demise are given in the subjoined extract from a letter written by Rev. J. M. Rogers, chaplain of the prison, to deceased's father:

"Your son had been suffering more or less ever since he had been in prison from injuries received before he came there, and when I first became acquainted with him, some two months ago, it was thought that his lungs were diseased, and that he would probably never be better of it. I did not know anything of an affection of he heart until recently. I understand also that the physician made a careful examination of him on the preceding Sunday, and told the hospital steward to watch him, as he thought his situation very critical. However, on the night that he died, before bedtime, he seemed to be about as well as usual, talking pleasantly with the other inmates of the hospital until they retired, about 8:30 o'clock. After getting in bed, however, he seemed to propp himself up instead of lying in the usual position, and after a little sat up on the side of the bed. The steward immediately went to him, and found him suffering with difficulty of breathing. Shortly afterwards Mr. Soog, who acts as a nurse, came, when the steward, at Weeden's request, went to procure some vinegar for him as it often afforded him relief; but before he returned Mr. Soog took James to a window (by your son's request), and there held him in his arms. He tells me that while he was thus holding him he seemed to suffer great deal for a few minutes, when he exclaimed: 'I am dying.' Mr. Soog replied: 'I hope not, Jimmy, but if you are may the Lord have mercy on you and all of us,' in which prayer he seemed to join. After a few moments more his head fell back wards on Mr Soog's arm, and he was no longer conscious, although it was continued after the body was laid on the bed before he died. I believe the disease was called cardic aneurism—an obstruction of the action of the heart. I used to talk to the young man almost every day, and provide him with such books as he wished to read. I found him a very pl asant youth, and I know that he was very highly thought of by all the officers of the prison who knew him, and all felt very anxious that your application for his release should be successful."

Weeden's body was taken charge of by his father, who conveyed it to Philadelphia on the 8th, being met at the wharf by Arthur Chambers, Fred. Smith and Harry Hyatt, who, with Steve Corcoran, Sam Froppie and others, collected nearly two hundred dollars to defray the expenses of the funeral and assist the family, who are in destitute circumstances. The funeral took place on Sunday, Nov. 12, hundreds of persons visited the house during the day and last look at the remains of the dead boxer, which were laid out in a white shroud, the coffin, which was of black walnut, being lined, being covered with a profusion of floral tributes from friends, including a star of white roses with "J. W." in violets, from Harry Watson and friends; an anchor of camellias, tuberoses, jasonicas and other choice flowers, from Arthur Chambers; a wreath of white roses, with the words "Rest at Last" in violets, from Frank Gormley; and a beautiful cross from Albert B. Goodwin. The pallbearers were Fred Smith, Arthur Chambers, Frank Gormley, and A. B. Goodyear. The burial services at the house were conducted by Rev. Joseph Taylor, while Rev. Dudley Tyng officiated at Mount Moriah Cemetery, where the body was temporarily deposited in a receiving vault. The officiating clergymen spoke in eulogistic terms of the good qualities of the deceased. The funeral was quite largely attended, among those occupying the carriages being James Murray, Michael Cleary, Harry Hicks, Andrew Hughes and Peter Kershaw. The parents of the unfortunate young man desire us to return their sincere thanks to Gen. Mott, warden, the physician, chaplain and other attaches of the prison, for the attentions shown him during his illness; to Wm. John Young of Philadelphia for his kindness in providing a place of interment; and to his friends for aid in raising means to defray the funeral expenses.

Weeden was born in London, Eng., Feb. 28, 1855, and emigrated with his parents to this country when a child. His maiden essay in the ring was made Nov. 19, 1875, his opponent being Philip Kosta. They fought near Philadelphia, for $10 a side, at catch weight, and Weeden won after fighting 43 rounds in 1 hour 16 min. His next engagement was with Mike Cleary for $300, the fight taking place in Maryland, March 23, 1876, and Cleary being declared the winner on a foul, after they had consumed 1 hour 32 minutes in fighting 78 rounds. The decision gave rise to considerable trouble among the backers of the men, and we believe the money was subsequently drawn, under threat of legal proceedings. The last and last time in which Weeden figured as a principal in a prize-ring encounter was on the occasion of his unfortunate meeting with his quondam antagonist, Kosta, in August of last year. The amount of the stakes was $5 0, and the battle was contested on New Jersey soil, near Pennsville, Salem Co. At the conclusion of the fight, when 1 hour 58 minutes had elapsed, Kosta was senseless, and, as the medical treatment rendered necessary by the nature of his injuries could not be obtained before reaching Philadelphia, nature succumbed, and he died on board a boat during the journey back to the city. Weeden, with others prominently connected with the affair, were arrested, turned over to the New Jersey authorities, quickly tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Weeden having at the period of his death served one year and three days of his term of six years.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Prof. Wm. Miller.

THE TRIGGER.

TEAM MATCH.

On Nov. 10 teams of five men each belonging to the Walpole and Massachusetts Rifle Associations of Boston shot a match at the Walnut Hill range, the distances being 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, 10 shots rounds at each. A heavy head wind, accompanied at times by rain, interfered with and partly frustrated the good intentions of the marksmen, among whom F. W. Gray of the Walpoles was the top scorer, said team proving victorious by two points. Scores follow:

WALPOLE.	800yds.	900yds.	1,000yds.	Total.
F. H. Gray	66	70	65	201
H. Washburn	70	68	62	200
R. S. Gray	71	60	65	196
H. P. Blake	50	57	66	173
J. E. Mann	22	59	46	167
Totals	319	314	304	937
MASSACHUSETTS.				
A. H. Hebbard	69	65	65	199
J. Wemyss	71	60	62	193
A. P. Clark	65	69	57	191
W. H. Jackson	70	60	61	191
E. M. Law	70	55	38	161
Totals	345	307	283	935

CREEDMOOR MARKSMEN.—Although a cold, driving, penetrating rain, accompanied by a strong southeast wind, conduced to render the prospect of an afternoon at Creedmoor anything but pleasant, a number of riflemen made their appearance upon the water-soaked and extremely dismal range on Saturday, Nov. 10, and entered, while to much spirit as possible under the circumstances, into the two competitions set apart for that date. The more important of these was for the Parker shotgun, open to all members of the National Association, 7,000 yards, two sighting and thirty scoring shots, which resulted as follows: C. E. Blydenburgh, 137 out of 150; W. M. Farrow, 136; Major Fewell, 121; Isaac J. Wallen, 117; Homer Fisher, J. A. Hatry, 116 each; Capt. A. Anderson, 115; W. C. Hoff, 94; W. S. Worth, 14. Blydenburgh having previously won it twice, it thus became his personal property. The other competitions were for the Marksman's badge and the Irish-American Club trophy. The former was won by the National Guard and the Association, 300 and 5 style, two sighting and five scoring shots at each range, and the scores made were: W. Robertson, 21, 22—43; C. Shaeffer, 2, 22—43; W. Engle, 17, 18—35; J. G. Heaghegan, 14—34; J. W. Gardner, 18, 13—31; E. W. Price, 17, 11—28; J. L. Price, 13, 14—27; M. Francis, 18, 7—25; J. B. Holland, 15, 4—19. W. H. Cochrane, a member of the Eighth Regiment, was charged with substituting a sighting for a scoring shot, and was ruled out of the contest. The Executive Committee will be called upon to take action upon the matter. Gen. F. F. Millan was the winner of the Irish American trophy, scoring 73 out of 100 points.

CAPT. BOGARDUS gave Horton ten glass balls in fifty in a match at Providence, R. I., Nov. 10, Bogardus winning by two. In the evening the captain attempted to break 300 balls in 25 minutes, using one gun with two sets of barrels. He did the job in 30min. 35sec., shooting at 312 balls, and having four snaps and eight misses.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY VS. ENNIS.—The match between Daniel O'Leary and John Ennis, to walk 100 miles, for $500 a side, for the Astley Belt, at the Exposition Building, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 10. Ennis, who was suffering from a disarrangement of the stomach, went ahead as soon as the word was given, but O'Leary kept well in respectful distance of him until they had been at work three hours or so, when John came back to his man, and was obliged to retire after walking thirty miles and four laps. When he came on the track again at 12 07 P. M., O'Leary was about fourteen miles ahead, and it was apparent that the contest was virtually at an end. O'Leary finished 50½ miles in 10 hours, and fifty-five in 9.12.37. We have not received particulars, but the telegraph informs us that O'Leary finished the 100 miles shortly before midnight, a three way ahead.

GALE TO THE WORLD.—In answer to the challenges which have recently been issued to William Gale of Cardiff, he informs all would-be opponents that, whether successful or not in his present attempt to walk 4,000 consecutive miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes, at the Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., he is willing to walk any man in the world from four to six weeks, for from £200 to £1,000 a side; or, failing to get a match on those terms will take £6 0 to £80 that he walks 2,00 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. Gale has covered 1,042 miles in the hands of *The Sporting Life* to bind one or both matches. To walk three months after Gale terminates his present engagement.

A TEN MILE WALK for $30 a side took place at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., Nov. 12, J. Kelleher defeating Wm. Queen by about a yard. Time, 1h. 3m. Judges, O. F. McKean and F. Nelligan; referee, O. C. Wallace.

GEORGE HAZARL defeated James McLeary, in a six mile race, for £5 and the championship, at Dundee, Scotland, Oct. 20. He won by a half-dozen yards, in 35m.

JOHN T. MAHONEY and Chas. F. Little, both of Fall River, have been matched to run two hundred yards, for $200 a side, at New Bedford, Mass., on Thanksgiving-day.

JOHN POWERS of Brighton defeated Richard Fox of Lawrence, Mass., in a two hundred-yards race at the latter place, Nov. 10. He won by five feet.

GEORGE HAZARL of London now offers to run Bargossi the Italian, or any man in the world, thirty miles, for from £25 to £100 a side.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 271.

MAGICAL GOODS of all kinds are on sale at Judd's manufactory, advertised in another column.

ARRANGEMENTS can be made to secure the Anglo-American Marionette exhibition for associations, lecture bureaus, etc., by applying to J. E. Roberts, as per card, in which he requests hall-owners to send rates, etc.

H. H. BLECKER, agent, contractor and advertiser, advertises for an engagement.

"WE CAN'T HAVE ANY PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD."—A case of bigoted intolerance, similar to that which gave the title of "The Little Church Around the Corner" to the Church of the Transfiguration in this city, recently occurred in Sydney, N. S. W. The whole affair is explained in the remarks made by Mr. Buchanan in the New South Wales Parliament on Sept. 18, which we quote in full:

Mr. Buchanan wished to take advantage of this motion (that of adjournment) to bring under the notice of the House and the public what he considered a very scandalous business, which called for public condemnation. He believed that a short time ago William Henry Harrison Davenport, one of the Davenport Brothers, died in Sydney, and was buried in the Church of England portion of the necropolis. His widow naturally proceeded to erect a tombstone over his grave. She proposed further to inscribe on the tombstone the line "May he rest in peace," and the following, written by the deceased's elder brother, Ira Davenpo t:

"Dear brother, I would learn from thee,
And hasten to rejoin thee;
To the world O welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this."

In accordance with the regulations of the cemetery, Mrs. Davenport submitted these lines to S. H. Pearce, one of the trustees, who, with great unmanly and rudeness, struck his pen through them, ejaculating: "We can't allow this; we can't have any property for the dead;" and in an offensive and determined manner refused to allow the widow to exercise her rights over her own property. Mrs. Davenport wrote to the Colonial Secretary detailing these circumstances. Not receiving any reply, she again addressed the Colonial Secretary, pointing out that on a tombstone in a cemetery there was little use in saying "May he rest in peace," and that on another there was a verse similar to that which Ira Davenport wished to have placed on his brother's tombstone. In the meantime the same matter came under the notice of the Attorney-general, who, in a memorandum which he addressed to the Colonial Secretary, said whom did him infinite credit, characterized Mr. Pearce's conduct as unwarrantable, and urged that Mrs. Davenport should have the permission she asked for granted without delay. The next letter in the correspondence was issued from the Lands Office, reciprocating the sentiments of the Attorney-general, and condemning the conduct of Mr. Pearce. Then Mrs. Davenport again addressed Mr. Pearce, asking him to reconsider his decision with regard to the matter. In reply to that, Mr. Pearce wrote, acknowledging the receipt of Mrs. Davenport's le ter, and stating that the original plans and documents must be again submitted to him before he could reconsider his decision as to what he previously had decided was improper. He contended that such conduct on the part of Mr Pearce was highly improper, and absolutely inc lerable, and that Mrs. Davenport, in the circumstances in which she was placed, should have been approached with sympathy and respect. He could not find words sufficiently strong to express his opinion of the conduct of this man Pearce.

ALL SORTS.—Gen. James Shields will lecture in Boston on Nov. 15, for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Children..... James Fraser Gluck of Buffalo, N. Y., will draw inspiration from "Abraham Lincoln" at Niagara Falls, Nov. 15 .....Wendell Phillips will on Nov. 26 fill Pike's Opera house, Cincinnati—with his voice.....Miss Agnes Herndon's readings and dramatic representations will be heard in St. Louis next month for the first time.....Parker Pill-bury lectured on "Land and Money" in Cincinnati on Nov. 7.....Miss Anna Dickinson, ill of congestion of the brain, but improving, is at the residence of Mrs. Gen. Chanfield, Elizabeth, N. Y.....At Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Nov. 8, the Hon. Geo R. Wendling of Illinois talked about "The St ne Ezel."..... Nov. J. Hyatt Smith of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivers "From New York to Jerusalem" on Nov. 7, in Boston, it being his maiden effort in that city as a lecturer Miss Jessie Northon, Chicago's young "Fairy Father," is being commended in the Western part of this State for her rendition of "The Rock of Ages," "Fall of the Pemberton Mills" and "Da ius Green's Flying Machine".....Aurora Post No. 20, G. A. R., performed "The Drummer-boy of Shiloh" every night last week at the Opera house, Aurora, Ill., the aim being to raise funds to put up a bronze statue of a soldier on the top of Memorial Hall..... Noble K Royse lectured on Nathaniel Hawthorne on Nov. 8, at the Wesleyn College, Cincinnati.....Mme. Cora, magician, opens for a short season at the Institute, St. John, N. B., to-night.....Elizabeth Cady Stanton lectured the denizens of Karns City, Pa., on Nov. 7, and those of Petrolia on the 6th.....Published Liberty was the hobby ridden by Mrs. Clara M. Faltz in Oakland, Cal., on Nov. 7.....Col. Robert J. Ingersoll lectured at Martin Opera house, Albany, N. Y., on "The Liberty of the Wastes and Burdens of Society" Henry Ward Beecher is to wax eloquent at the Fifth avenue Lyceum, Pittsburg Nov. 20 ..... In Oakland, Cal., on Nov. 7, the Rev. Charles Eels lectured descriptively upon "The Lakes of Killarney." His son Charles married Miss Gertie Shepard the night before.....W. W. Story the sculptor and poet, whose residence for many years has been in Rome, Italy, has consented to give a lecture on art on Nov. 14, Boston and New York both claim him for that date .....William Noble commenced a series of eight and the Shade of London Life" in Music Hall, Lynn, Mass., to-night. The Reform Club will have a benefit at Whitney's Opera house, Detroit, on Nov. 19. Manager Whitney is preparing a temperance play for them..... Dr. Bro n Sequard lectures in Sanders' Theatre, Boston, Nov. 14, under the auspices of the Natural History Society of that city.....On Nov. 6, Judge H. F. Ingall, superintendent of the Zoological Garden, Cincinnati, whose ill-health requires him to leave that city for several months, was honored by the employes of the Garden in a supper and by the presentation of a cane. The proceeds of MacEvoy's Eriopticon entertainment at Beethoven Hall Boston, on Nov. 7, were announced for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children.....Heller's sixth week at Horticultural Hall, Boston, was as successful as its predecessors. He closes there at the end of the current month.....Frank Beard of this city gave his "Burlesque of the Beautiful," in which he talks with a piece of chalk borrowed from a billiard table, at Farwell Hall, Chicago, Nov. 9, for the benefit of the Newsboys' Home. St. Ann's Church, Nashville, Tenn., benefited on Nov. 2, 3 and 5 from three representations of "Mother Goose" by amateurs.....Douglas Walker, the Brooklyn amateur who at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., warmed Thomas F. Clarke with a horsewhip in the cold month of February last, and who was sentenced to the Penitentiary, was released by Gov Robinson on Nov. 10. Walker served altogether about seventeen days of the sixty for which he was sentenced.....The Lotos Club o this city "banqueted" B. L. Farjeon last Saturday night, and also Joseph Jefferson Moody and Sankey yesterday held revivals in Smythe's Opera house and in Music Hall, Manchester, N. H..... The Tennyson Dramatic Club was organized in New Orleans on Nov. 5.....Parker Pillsbury of Boston gave a grand-mother lecture in Cincinnati on eight.....Prof. Edward S. Morse was to have sailed from Japan on Nov. 3, to re-ume his lectures in Boston, Mass .... Nella F. Brown will read in Reading, Pa., Nov. 13.....Burdett of *The Burlington Hawkeye* practised in Peoria, Ill., on the 8th.....Lemuel Hayward, reader, spends an evening with Charles Dickens at Tremont Temple, Boston, to-night.....On Nov. 6 Abby Sage Richardson began a series of one dozen lectures in Chicago.....Captain Bozardus is to spoil one hundred glass balls in eight minutes at Beacon Park, Boston, Nov. 15 .....Dr. John Lord continues his lectures in Chicago, at both Hershey Hall and the Third Presbyterian Church.

AMATEUR.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" was presented at the Memphis, Tenn., Theatre Nov. 5, 6, by amateurs. There was a full chorus of fifty voices. The theatre was filled to overflowing both nights, every seat having been reserved three days previous to the presentation. Over $1,000 was netted. The opera was gotten up for the benefit of Calvary Church, to pay for an organ.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia presented "Richelieu" Nov. 7, H. F. Clayton giving an excellent interpretation of the title-role. The Mirror Dramatic Association performed "Miriam's Crime" and "His Last Legs" Nov. 8; and the Brougham Dramatic Association appeared in "Caste" on the last-mentioned date, at their new hall.

THE DAVENPORT CLUB of Cincinnati played "Much Ado About Nothing" Nov. 8, at Pike's Opera-house, to a crowded and well-pleased audience. Mrs. W. F. Aldrich performed Beatrice, and J. E. Sherwood, Benedict very nicely. "Parted" is underlined 15.....The Allemania Society of the same city played "Fanchon," at Schiodeon Hall 10. Mrs. George Mendel was the Fanchon.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THE DEATH at Kilchberg, near Zurich, is recorded of a celebrated German actress, Caroline Dauer, who was a great favorite with the public some thirty years ago. She married Count Ladislas Plater, and had long retired from the stage.

THE Stadt Theatre at Vienna has brought out with success a comedy, or rather a vaudeville, in four acts, by Julius Rosen, entitled "Grossenwahn" (The Giddiness of Grandeur).

G. M. CIPRICO, the California actor, made his debut before an English audience at the Surrey Theatre, London, Oct. 20. He sustained the principal character in "Fates and Furies," and, after the grand flourish of trumpets which heralded his coming, succeeded in greatly disappointing the audience who had assembled to witness the performance of the "great Italian-American tragedian."

DURING a performance at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, recently, there was a cry of "Welcome, little stranger," a lady in one of the boxes actually giving birth to a fine girl during the performance of the "Cloches de Corneville." M. Cantin the manager and Mlle. Gerard at once offered to be the godfather and godmother of the infant, which will be christened on the 200th representation of the piece. It is satisfactory to learn that a medical man was on hand to take his share in this dramatic (but unrehearsed) incident, and that mother and child were, at last accounts, doing well.

A PERFORMANCE given at the Globe Theatre, London, Oct. 20, in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, realized the handsome sum of over £140. The benefit was organized and successfully carried out by E. Righton, the programme embracing the comedy of "Speed the Plough," the comedietta of "£200 a Year," a recitation of "The Raven" by Hermann Vezin, and Mrs. Sterling's delivery of an address written by Clement Scott, pleading the cause of the institution.

THE ODEON THEATRE, Paris, reopened Oct. 20, after having remained closed since June 4. The bill presented consisted of a revival of "Mauprat." The director, M. Duquesnel, enjoys the possession of this theatre rent free, and receives from the State a subvention of about $10,000 per annum, conditional that it shall maintain in the quarter of the schools the chefs d'œuvre of French dramatic literature.

TWO TRIFLING one-act novelties—"Les Roses Remontantes" and "Un Rival au Berceau," by M. Toupler-Beziers and M. Janet respectively—have been produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris.

A GEOGRAPHICAL DRAMA, "Les Six Parties du Monde," in five acts, by Louis Figuiere, the author of many scientific books, was recently brought out at the Cluny Theatre, Paris. Its production had been looked forward to with much interest, but the piece proved a most lamentable failure.

J. L. TOOLE is in great demand in the British metropolis, having been offered an engagement for the approaching holiday season by four different managers.

"UNCLE DICK" reached its 900th representation at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, Nov. 2, when Messrs. James and Thorne reappeared.

"IVERS DEAN" is the title given to a new play by Sir Charles Young, Bart., and Bronson Howard, which was to have been produced at Hanley, Eng., on Nov. 12.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT" has been successfully produced at St. James' Hall, Liverpool, Eng., under the management of Courtenay Ware. The cast embraced W. Sidney as Cato Dove, Henry Franck as Sergeant Buster, W. J. Brooks as Captain Derringer, Miss Marie De Grey as Mrs. Dove, Miss E. Romer as Mrs. Buster, and Miss Jenny Wilimore as Zulu.

MISS NEILSON commenced an engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., Oct. 22, performing Viola in "Twelfth Night," to play then presented for the first time in eight years in that city.

A NEW theatre and opera-house was opened by J. P. Weston at Bolton, Eng., Oct. 20. The dimensions of the new temple are: Height, from floor to ceiling, 64ft.; auditorium, 74ft. square; stage, 60ft. wide by 50ft. deep; proscenium, 40ft. wide by 40ft. in height.

MUSICAL.

MADAME CABEL, the once brilliant singer of the Paris Opera Comique, has been again stricken with paralysis, which has deprived her of all feeling in the left side. She suffered a similar attack some time back, but had nearly recovered.

THE WINTER SEASON of Italian opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Eng., was announced to commence Nov. 5. The following is the list of artists announced as already engaged: Madame Caroline Salla, Mlle. Milla Rodani, Madame Marie Rose, Mlle. Alwina Valeria, Mlle. Parodi (her first appearance), Mlle. Lisa Perli (her first appearance), Mlle. Bauermeister, Madame Demeric-Lablache, and Mlle. Anna de Bellocca (her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre). Signori Fancelli, Giltandi, Runcio (his first appearance), Rinaldini, Grazzi, Bentini, Delpuente, Galassi, Zoboli, Franceschi, M. Gonnet, Signori Fallar, Brocolisi, and Foli. An important reduction has been made in the prices of admission, in some cases the tickets costing little more than half the ordinary prices, and the manager is to allow ladies the appreciable privilege of wearing their bonnets in all parts of the house save the stalls and grand circle.

AMUSEMENTS.

MEADE'S MARVELOUS MIDGETS.

These wonderful little people, THE TWO SMALLEST HUMAN BEINGS OF THEIR AGE IN THE WORLD, are now holding their daily levees at MEADE'S MIDGET HALL, Fifth avenue, corner of Fourteenth street. Hours: Daily from 10 to 12, 2 to 5 and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

Admission, 50 cents; children, 25 cents; Wednesdays, general admission, 25 cents. 34-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

Performers in every branch of the profession, especially a good male "Scotch" or Comic Singer, and a Female Serio-comic Vocalist. Address or call on Stage-manager, HARRY HILL'S THEATRE, corner Houston and Crosby streets, New York 34-1t*

ANGLO-AMERICAN MARIONETTES.—Finest and most complete exhibition of the kind. Liberal arrangements made with charitable associations, lecture bureaus, etc. Hall owners please send lowest rates and sharing terms.

34-1t* J. E. ROBERTS, Berrien Point, N. J.

CHEAP WIGS.

(Negro wigs) End and first part, $1; Wench, Bump and Old Man, each, $1 50; Funny End and Clogs (two), $1; Character Wigs (Human Hair), all styles, $3.50). Send to any address on receipt of price.

A. J. LEAVITT, 681 Broadway, N. Y.
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ELKS' BENEFIT.

ELKS' BENEFIT.

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TENTH ANNUAL BENEFIT.

(Benevolent Protective Order of Elks.)

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, NOV. 15, 1877,

commencing at 1 o'clock precisely.

GRAND MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT.

Brilliant combination of talent.

The following artists have kindly volunteered their valuable services for this occasion:

MISS CLARA MORRIS
in the fourth act of CAMILLE.

CAMILLE,
with the following cast:

Camille.....MISS CLARA MORRIS
Mr. James O'Neill.....as.....Armand Duval
(By the kind permission of Messrs. Shook & Palmer.)
Mr. J. Z. Little.....as.....Count de Varville
(By kind permission of Col. Wm. E. Sinn.)
Mr. George Holland.....as.....Gaston
(By kind permission of Mr. Sothern.)
Mr. John H. Burnett.....as.....Gustave
(By kind permission of John P. Smith.)
Mrs. J. L. Carhart.....as.....Mad. Prudence
Miss Annie Boudinot.....as.....Olympe
Miss Lewis.....as.....Nichette

in the first act of

LOTTA,

MUSETTE,

supported by the Dramatic Company of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, who have generously tendered their services.

Miss MARY ANDERSON,

the brilliant young American Queen of Tragedy, will appear in the Potion Scene from

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Misses JENNIE and ANNA MORGAN
in a choice selection of Operatic Duets.
(By the kind permission of Mr. Tony Pastor.)

Miss KITTY O'NEIL,
(By the kind permission of Messrs. Harrigan & Hart.)

Miss NELLIE LINGARD,

Recitation.....Barbara Freitchie

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS,

Hughey Dougherty, Cool White, Dave Reed,
Little Mac, Billy Bryant, G. W. Harley,
J. Rapier, C. R. Clinton, A. H. Peham, Mr. Caldwell,
with Prof. Cornu and Orchestra.
(By the kind permission of Mr. Neil Bryant.)

HARRIGAN AND HART
in their comic Irish sketch entitled
THE BRADYS,
assisted by Billy Gray.

GUS WILLIAMS
in his Dutch character songs and sayings.

Mr. CHARLEY BACKUS
of the San Francisco Minstrels in imitations of
POPULAR ARTISTS.

The refined sensation comique
WILL A. HEMING
(by kind permission of Messrs. Harrigan & Hart)
WATSON AND ELLIS,
the German Team, in their sketch "Dutchie in a Fix,"
assisted by Miss Jennie Satterlee, together with
MR. IRA A. PAINE,
the Champion Pigeon Shot of America.
(All by the kind permission of Mr. Tony Pastor.)
SCHOOLCRAFT AND COES,
the Ethiopian eccentrics, in their sketch entitled
JUTIMUS' FARM
Together with
MAJOR JOHN BURKE,
in his Laughable Musical Absurdity
The Drill.
(Both by the kind permission of Canary & Williams.)
Concluding with
AULD LANG SYNE,
by the Benevolent and Protective
ORDER OF ELKS.
Stage manager for the occasion,
FRANK GIRARD AND L. J. VINCENT.
Grand orchestra under the directions of H. Wannemacher

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Admission.....$1 00 Gallery.....50c.
Reserved seats.....1 50 Private boxes, $4, $5, $6, $7
Proscenium boxes.....$15, $10, $8 and $6
Doors open at 12½; curtain will rise at 1 precisely. 34-1t

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Mme. Janauschek appearing in the dual role
LADY DEDLOCK AND HORTENSE.
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MR. W. J. FLEMING
AS THE DRUNKARD,
supported by a
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Monday evening, Nov. 19, 8 st and last appearance of
MR. SOTHERN AS THE "CRUSHED."
TUESDAY EVENING, Nov. 20,
First appearance in New York of
MR. SOTHERN AS SIDNEY SPO NBILL,
in BYRON'S "DAISY FARLEY."
Sale of seats for HORNET'S NEST will begin TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 13. 34-1t

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MONDAY, Nov. 12, the eminent tragedian,
MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH,
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Open dates for stars with good attractions. 34-1t*

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 19,
engagement of the young American tragedian
MR. D. H. HARKINS,
who will appear in a round of his celebrated characters. 1t*

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Evening at 8, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 2. Until further notice the latest sensation, entitled THE KING'S AMOURS, by Mme. R. Newville. Corypbees and artists of ability can always procure engagements by addressing Jake Berry as above. Please consider silence a polite negative for the present. 34-1t*

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HARRY BROWN.....Stage-manager
FRANK SOL

MAMIE'S HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY F. L. SANBORN.

Thousands all dark and desolate,
And voiceless are its halls;
The ivy climbs the iron gate,
And hides the crumbling walls.

Each morn and eve I pass it by—
For it was dear to me—
And with a sad, despairing sigh
Its loneliness I see.

The grass is growing near the door,
And on the sunlit lawn
The lilies bloom not as of yore,
Their sumptuous tints are gone!

The trees are slowly withering,
No more is leafy bough
The little birds are hard to sing—
Their songs are all—nt now.

No wonder that the flowers should fade,
When Mamie is not here!
No wonder that the birds have made
No welcome music there!

For Mamie used to feed them oft
Ere other were astir,
They knew her voice, so sweet and soft,
And sang their songs for her!

They missed her face for many a day,
And looked for her in vain,
Until at last they flew away,
Nor will they come again.

Oh, Mamie was the life and light
That blessed that home of yore,
And now it looks no longer bright,
For she will come no more.

Here, in the quiet eventide,
I've watched her as she stood
To view the sunlight as it died,
And tinged yon gloomy wood.

And here I've tuned for her the lyre,
And swept its trembling strings;
She loved to hear its tones expire
In plaintive murmurings.

But she has gone far o'er the sea,
With other friends to dwell;
Yet I am sure she thinks of me,
She loved my songs so well.

The home that once her beauty graced
All lonely now appears;
And it has stood, by Time defaced,
For many weary years.

I often pause to gaze upon
The dark and cheerless place,
And, thinking o' my darling one,
In fancy see her face.

And as the wind goes moaning past
And sighs so soft and low,
I think I hear her voice at last,
As in the long ago.

A LIFE-INSURANCE TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY RUEBEN B. HILL.

Overton woke up one morning, and before it had gone to bed again the quiet little town had something to talk about; and talk it did, sometimes in a manner quite loud, and with many shakings of the head, and again it talked in whispers, and awe looked out from eyes that seemed frightened at some inward thought. Men did not go to their work as usual, the drug-store on the corner had its quota of them, while nearly all the remainder of Overton's male population sat either around the little red-hot stove of Simmons' grocery-store or back of the blind that stood at the entrance to the groggery. The air was damp and heavy; and as the mist hung over and frowned down into the little river that ran by Overton's side, it seemed to suspect that just below the surface lay some poor murdered wretch that the waters were hiding and that the grappling-irons should claim!

The young operator at the telegraph-office leaned over the counter, his head buried in both hands, and would probably have remained in that position all day, as far as the business community of Overton were concerned, had not his reverie been disturbed by a gentleman entering and requesting that a message be sent away:

OVERTON, IND., Nov. 10, 187 .

The Excelsior Life-insurance Company, New York: Mrs. Elizabeth Downs, on whom our company has risk for $10,000, lies either dead or in a trance. Can't say which. Suspicions of foul play. Had better send loss-adjuster immediately.

EBEN WILLIAMS, Agent.

So the message that was sent on lightning wings read. The young operator opened wide his eyes, and would have questioned Mr. Williams had he not observed in that gentleman's face something that forbade questioning. The agent of the Excelsior Company, leaving the telegraph office, walked up the one main street of the town, up past the drug and grocery stores, and stopped before a small but handsome granite house, in front of which was a well-kept garden, that in the Summer-time just passed had given to the place an air of comfort and beauty; but now the plants were drooping, and the cold November winds had robbed the shrubbery of its leaves, drifting them in little heaps against the base of the cold granite walls, where they lay damp and yellow. The green shutters were closed, and no sign of *life* was visible—no sign of life; but the sign of death was there, and, waved by the low, soughing wind, the piece of black crape at the door kept ever moving, as though to catch the eye of the careless passer and say: "I am ever near you." The gentleman rang, and the bell was answered by a young lady of beauty, but upon whose face sorrow had left its impress.

"Pardon me for calling again so soon, Miss Eva; but I stopped at the hotel, and the gentleman had gone out, and of course you know I am extremely anxious to see him."

"My cousin is *here*, Mr. Williams, and you can have an interview at once if you desire. Will you walk into the parlor?"

Bowing his assent, with an expression of pleasure, the door was immediately thrown open, revealing the gentleman, whom the young lady introduced as her mother's cousin—a handsome young fellow of some four-and-twenty.

"Mr. Harvey, you of course know who I am, and in what position I stand towards this bereaved family. You know, of course, that persons disagree as to whether your cousin Mrs. Downs is really dead, and I am sure that you will assist me with any facts in your possession, so that I may be enabled to make a satisfactory report to my company."

"Mr. Williams, although in my opinion you are rather hasty in a matter of this kind, it is probably because of your zealousness in your business; and, though this is hardly a time for me to think or talk about the matter, nevertheless, if you think I am master of any secret that it would be right for you to know, command me, and I shall speak."

"Do not now be offended," replied the agent, "but this death has caused a great deal of talk among many foolish people of the town, who hint at foul play, etc. Of course, I believe nothing of the kind, but I owe my company a duty. Mrs. Downs was insured also in the Cheshire Company, and their agent, who lives at Bloomville, will be here to-day. Of course, Mr. Harvey, I don't suppose there is anything wrong, but—but ——"

Under the penetrating look of that clear black eye, which the young man fastened upon him, poor Mr. Williams completely broke down, and could say no more. When his good wife afterwards heard how much he *had* said, there was no more astonished woman in all the West. Mr. Williams presently left Eva closed the door after him and went back into the room where was Donald Harvey.

Meanwhile, in a distant apartment, and on the other side of the hall, lay the poor clay over which insurance companies were preparing to wrangle and fight, over which now bent several old women, sighing and whispering in a strange, mysterious manner. One held to the marble lips a looking-glass, but no moisture appeared upon its bright surface; and yet the old mother said, as her hand lay where the heart was, that there was warmth there, and the others gathered around, and felt the warmth and looked in a terrified way at one another, as they had done a hundred times before.

"Where is Mr. Downs?" said one.

"He was here this morning and staid a few minutes; then he went off, and hasn't come back.' And in a lower tone: "He is a strange man, and this angel must know it better than any—that is, if she knows anything."

"Yes; he always was a strange one, and one that I have been afraid to look at ever since he came to Overton. Many bad things have happened in Overton since Robert Downs came—many. I have pitied the poor dear ever since on that first Sunday I saw her poor, scared face at church. Oh! accursed be the man that could crush such a gentle lamb—such a tender creature." The hand still rested on the stilled bosom, but the head dropped and tears came plentifully. The door opened, and the young lady whom we have before seen stood there a moment. She had heard the words—she heard the sobbing of the women, and her own heart seemed broken, as, crying, "O mother, mother!" she ran forward and sank down by the lifeless form.

Outside, the skies were darker and the wind was colder; the evening shadows fell, and soon the glimmer of lights was visible, and darkness settled upon the quiet town of Overton. Where was Robert Downs? No man had seen him. The women still sat and whispered in the chamber of death, watching patiently through the long, solemn hours of the night, often returning to examine the heart, and, with looks of frightened expectancy, waiting to catch the faintest throb of returning life.

Morning broke again. Two physicians still disagreed, while Dr. Asbury, who was the physician of the Excelsior Company, being too timid and nervous a man to deal in physic at all, could not offer an opinion. So the day wore into the afternoon, and when the train came past a fine-looking man jumped off, and, going to the single hotel, registered the name "Arthur Darke, New York." He was much looked at as he turned to inquire "where Mr. Eben Williams could be found." And as the gentleman of whom he made the inquiry was Mr. Williams himself, he had not much trouble in obtaining the information.

Arthur Darke, loss-adjuster of the Excelsior Life-insurance Company, was not only a remarkable-looking man, but was such to all intents and purposes. Having been in the detective service in some of the Western cities, he had been brought to the notice of the managers of the Excelsior, and they had agreed that he was the man they needed. Therefore, we see him now in his official capacity at Overton, and in close confab with Mr. Eben Williams. Late that night a letter left Overton, addressed to the Excelsior Company, New York; and as it is on the files of that ancient and solid concern, we will read it:

OVERTON, IND., Nov. 11, 187—.

I arrived here some hours ago, and find things regarding our risk in a somewhat mixed condition. From the facts I have gathered, I am able to make the following report: Mrs. Elizabeth Downs was found to be dead at her house yesterday morning. She occupied the room and bed with her husband, and he says that he returned home from a neighboring town on Tuesday evening preceding her death, and, after obtaining his supper, retired; that in the night he was awakened by seeing a woman's form leaning from the window; that he spoke, and immediately the form disappeared through the window. He rushed from the room and found his wife moaning in the garden below; that he immediately sent for Dr. Asbury, and, while awaiting the arrival of the physician, the patient ceased breathing and apparently died, speaking no word. Dr. Asbury, who, as you will note, is our physician here, substantiates the part of the story that refers to him, and says that when he arrived Mrs. Downs was to all appearances dead. He will not positively express himself, even at this time, as to whether or not Mrs. Downs *is* dead. One other physician of the town says she is, but he is contradicted by still another. An air of mystery surrounds the whole affair. On the evening of Tuesday (the day that Downs alleges his wife met the accident) there arrived here a young man, a cousin of Mrs. Downs (whose name before she married Downs was Charlton). There also lived in Downs' house a young lady, the daughter of Mrs. Charlton and stepdaughter of Downs. She is an intelligent and beautiful young lady. But to go back to the young man, who is named Donald Harvey, I have had a conversation with him to-night, and must say that I am suspicious of him. He says that he lives in Chicago, and came here to see his cousin Mrs. Downs and her daughter. According to his narrative, Downs does not like him, whether from jealousy or other cause he does not know; and when Downs returned home on the fatal Tuesday evening he (Downs) became enraged at once upon perceiving Harvey in the parlor engaged in conversation with Mrs. Downs. He treated Harvey gruffly all the evening, and especially at the supper-table; and when Mrs. Downs would have shown her cousin to his room, Downs stormed and swore that Harvey should not sleep there. Harvey then repaired to the only hotel in the place and slept, awaking next morning to hear the news of Mrs. Downs' strange death from the landlord. Harvey seems nervous. Immediately after the news was known on Wednesday morning, Downs disappeared, and did not return until to-day. The county paper was published this evening, and in it the announcement of the funeral of Mrs. Downs is made to take place to-morrow at 11 A. M. Downs says the body shall be kept no longer. The feeling here is intense against him, and the little place is much excited. Our physician will not make a post-mortem examination of the remains, and I am unable to get either one of the others to do it. I am myself, of course, unable to say whether or not the lady is really dead. At any rate, I don't think Mr. Williams is very well suited to be our agent. That new flash company—the Cheshire—have established an agency in this vicinity, and have already made offers to pay Downs the amount of their risk, some $2,000. They think it will be an advertisement for them, and something against us if we hesitate, and therefore Williams is very nervous, and anxious that we should pay without post-mortem examination or anything else. He is too excitable, and has bad ideas of the way in which to conduct a sound, legitimate business. I am completely wearied out, and must have rest. I will have to await the morrow, and then see what can be done. Very respectfully,

ARTHUR DARKE.

These two men sat opposite each other at the breakfast-table next morning; and although Harvey bowed to Darke when he entered, yet the latter thought he could detect a flurried expression on the young man's face whenever he was spoken to. The breakfast over, the two walked out on the little veranda in front of the tavern, and the ex-detective, extending a cigar, said:

"Will you join me in a smoke, Mr. Harvey?" and continuing: "So they are determined to bury the lady to-day?"

"Yes; Downs is bent upon it, although I would hate to be the one to cover her up myself."

"Why, do *you* entertain any idea that there may yet be life in that body?"

"No, I can't say that I do; but yet there have been cases similar to this where fatal mistakes have been made, and I only say I should hate to be a party to burying anyone alive."

"Mr. Harvey, in what strange way are you mixed up in this matter? I can hardly take you for a bad man, yet your face tells me you are troubled over this sad affair."

The piercing eyes of the loss-adjuster were burning into Harvey's face. He faltered more than ever as he made some sort of reply—that he had no interest more than a natural love for his cousin, who was that day to be consigned to the grave. Mr. Arthur Darke turned away, thoroughly convinced that there *was* a mystery, and that Donald Harvey knew more than he cared to tell. The morning was bright; the clouds, darkness and chilliness of the two previous days had given way, and now a warm autumnal sun looked down through the almost leafless trees that bordered each side of the street, and which made the country that spread far away to the west look almost like the "field of the cloth of gold," so rich and beautiful did the turning leaves appear in all their variegated colors.

Mr. Darke felt the pleasant air, and felt greatly refreshed, but could not take in all the beauties of nature as he walked slowly on. He had been sent here to do something, and he could not persuade himself that he had done anything. Something must be done in the interest of his company, and yet what that something was this acute man of the world could not clearly see. Downs had given him on the previous evening, as one reason why he wished the interment to take place immediately, the fact that it was absolutely necessary, the corpse could not be longer kept, and, in terms not so gentle as might have been expected from a newly-bereaved widower, had declared that "he would stand no more of this tomfoolery in regard to there yet being life in the body." Mr. Darke partook strongly of this idea himself, in the very teeth of an assertion made by the ten o'clock on the previous evening by one of the physicians that there was life yet, and the same doctor was probably working faithfully at this moment to effect a resuscitation.

What was he then to do? He could not stop the funeral taking place, and there was fraud somewhere, and the company did not have evidence sufficient to resist payment. Donald Harvey came again into his mind, and Darke could have sworn that this man held the key that would unlock the mystery concerning Mrs. Downs' strange demise. He had reached the little granite house with the small green yard in front, and unceremoniously his hand opened the gate and he entered. He was received at the door by Eva Charlton, and his eyes could not help noting the extraordinary beauty of this young lady. Very polite and sympathetic were his words to her, and very much affected and frightened she appeared as he walked into the little parlor and there met—Mr. Donald Harvey! Darke had been suspicious of this man ever since they met. Those suspicions were made only deeper, now that he saw this same man here only a few moments after leaving him at the inn.

"Miss Charlton, I did not know that you had company. I have a few questions to ask of you on this morning as distasteful as they are necessary; but your own good judgment will of course tell you that I am compelled to do many distasteful things in the office I hold."

"Anything that I can answer, I will do so with pleasure Mr. Darke." The eyes looked bravely into his, but the lips quivered somewhat.

"I will retire if you wish to speak with Miss Charlton alone," and Harvey, bowing, left the room.

All of the arrangements for your mother's funeral have been made, I suppose, Miss Charlton?"

"They have, sir, even to the placing of the remains in the coffin and the screwing-down of the lid."

"And if I may ask, why was this last measure taken?"

"Because it were best so. The poor remains were already in a state of decomposition; and for another reason, I did not care that the whole multitude should come and stare and speculate over my poor mother's looks. I asked Mr. Downs, my stepfather, if it might be done, and he agreed, and so last night all of those people who have been watching so faithfully were sent away, and my mother lies now ready—oh! would to God that I were in her place!"

The tears could no longer be held back; they came in torrents, and the strong man, used to sights of grief, walked to the window, and saw coming up the deserted street the black carriage of death that was to convey the corpse to the vine-covered little church, and thence to the village graveyard. The man's heart was touched by this sight of grief, but yet he must question this young girl—he must know all; it was his duty—inexorable—and he moved over again towards where she sat, and said in as soothing a tone as he could command:

"Don't cry, Miss Charlton, I beg of you; try and look more on the bright side, and think of the time of meeting. It will only be a short separation at most. You need sympathy, and I don't think you get much here; but be brave, and remember if your poor mother is in heaven she is better off."

He was not used to speaking tender words; perhaps he could not frame them as well and speak as eloquently as others might have done, yet they came from his heart and they went straight to hers. When her storm of grief had somewhat subsided he questioned her gently a little more, and learned that Mr. Harvey had been left with the corpse on the night previous, when the others had retired—he had been left alone with the dead until early in the morning, when Eva had relieved him. Harvey had not mentioned this to Darke when they talked at the hotel. This fact confirmed Mr. Darke's suspicions. He suspected Donald Harvey, but what did he suspect him of? That was the question, and the question was in his mind, whirling around and around, in all sorts of vague shapes, as the white-haired old preacher with tearful eyes preached the sermon in the little old church, which was crowded to excess. The same troubled brain was Arthur Darke's when that same old preacher said: "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," and the damp clods fell heavily on the coffin-lid.

All the remainder of that sad day people stood in groups and talked about the village. Robert Downs never had been a popular man. No one knew what his business was. He would leave the town, be gone for days, and sometimes weeks. He had always paid the storekeepers cash, and since his advent with his pale-looking wife and pretty stepdaughter into the hamlet of Overton, some two years before, he had been a sort of mystery, and any story that might now be told of him would obtain credence. He had told Darke immediately after the burial that he had that morning received notice from the Cheshire Company that their risk would be promptly paid, and now he asked to know when the Excelsior Company would pay ten thousand dollars. Darke had turned away without making answer, and left Downs in a terrible rage.

At nine o'clock it was extremely dark, and a cold wind that threatened snow had blown up. A party of men were at the drug-store, of course, talking over the supposed tragedy. The magistrate was there, as was also the town-marshal—the dignitary that in all small towns is the terror of the small boys, and the particular enemy and victim of the "roughs."

"Time they were here—nine o'clock, I understood, was the hour."

His honor looked at the great open-faced watch he carried, and then replaced it. Wheels were heard approaching, the men all instinctively arose, the druggist put out all the lights in his place but one, and they all clambered into a light spring-wagon wherein already sat young Dr. James and Mr. Arthur Darke. Men bound on such a mission as this do not talk much, and so silence was kept up until the graveyard was reached and the new-made grave found. The shovels were soon at work, and the box containing the coffin had been struck, when a face pale and haggard appeared, and a voice trembling and weak said:

"Gentlemen, I implore you, don't! I will explain, but wait!"

"Officer, I order the arrest of this man. Donald Harvey, I believe, he says his name is."

The town-marshal seized the trembling hands, and the significant "click!" told that he was a prisoner.

"And now to raise the coffin."

They went at it, and soon the narrow dwelling of death was up and out of the ground.

"Mighty heavy for such a poor, wasted body as she was," said one of the men.

"Shall we open it here?" asked another.

"Here, of course. If the woman is not dead, we want to give her air at once."

The outer box was soon off, then the coffin-lid was carefully unscrewed. A lantern was brought to Darke, and, gently lifting the lid, he started back in surprise, and then glanced again, uttered a gentle "Ah!" and the men crowded around to witness a coffin filled with pieces of old iron, glass, nails, and all sorts of odds-and-ends!

"And Mr. Donald Harvey watched last with the corpse—a nice job, really, to rob the company, but not sufficiently well put up. I order the arrest of Robert Downs; about the lady we will see afterwards."

"If you will only let me explain, I can tell you all," said Harvey.

"No doubt you could tell a wonderful sight; but you may retain it till another time."

The coffin was placed in the wagon; Harvey was helped in; the others helped themselves in, and this strange company was soon before the door of the little granite house, and the town-marshal was clamoring loudly in the name of the law for admission. Old Mr. Downs came himself to the door, and after a crossfire of words which were not of the pleasantest the door was opened, and Mr. Darke said:

"Officer, arrest this man."

The marshal advanced, laid his hand upon Downs' arm, and was immediately sent reeling back against the wall by that gentleman.

"Explain this intrusion to me, and at once, sir, or it will be the worse for you."

The man glared upon the insurance detective, who answered not at first with words, but let those wondrous eyes do their work; then, after having satisfied himself with looking, he said:

"This intrusion, as you are pleased to term it, means that this household must answer in the courts of justice to the charge of having attempted to swindle the Excelsior Life-insurance Company out of ten thousand dollars, by fraudulently burying a coffin containing iron, old rubbish and trash, and calling it the body of Elizabeth Downs!"

A hush as of death succeeded these words. Downs' lips seemed as though they could not open, and the silence was broken only by the opening of the door and the entrance of Eva Charlton. Pale, wan and weary she looked; a spirit she almost appeared in a robe of white, but yet Eva Charlton.

"Mr. Darke," she said, "however guilty that man may be of my poor mother's death, how many other crimes he may have committed, he is not guilty of burying those worthless sticks and stones. Heaven knows, he would have been only too glad to have put my poor mother's body deep, deep, down in earth. If you, gentlemen, will follow me to another room, all this mystery shall be explained."

No word spoke they, but with noiseless tread they followed the girl into a room above. With hasty hand the door was thrown open, revealing a bed heavily curtained, near which sat an old lady. She arose on their entrance, and Eva, approaching, drew back the spotless hangings, and disclosed to view the white face of the lifeless body that a few hours before had reposed in the room below—the same gentle, patient face that the old minister thought was beneath the clods, that echoed back his words: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

The explanation was soon made. Eva knew that her stepfather wished her mother buried at once, because he cared only for the money that he would then claim. On the day before the funeral he had told her that the funeral must take place, and the poor girl, hoping against hope, and agreeing with those who said her mother was not dead, had concocted this plan, and took into her confidence Donald Harvey, whose betrothed she was. She had obtained her stepfather's consent to have the coffin-lid closed, and in the dead of Wednesday she, Donald and the old woman who now watched by the bedside had filled the coffin and brought her poor, dead mother to this room, in hope that she might yet come back to life. She broke down in tears; all were affected. Donald was released and tried to comfort her.

Downs had come into the room, and was as much surprised as anyone at what had taken place.

The loss-adjuster had done all the work he could. On the next day he was closeted with Mr. Robert Downs. It is said that Mr. Downs never pressed his claim against the Excelsior Company; Mr. Darke remained at Overton for a week or two, and Mr. Downs during that time negotiated the sale of his Overton property. Some months after Darke's return East he received cards of invitation to a wedding, but he did not go. Rumor says there was the least spark of jealousy. The mystery, the great mystery, that goes with this tale and perplexes Overton has never been solved. Whether by foul means the spirit of Mrs. Downs left its earthly abode, the insurance people and the Overton inhabitants cannot say. That question—that dread mystery—is left for the Great Adjuster of right and wrong to solve on the Eternal Day.

TAKING EXERCISE.

A night or two ago a citizen of Detroit, who has a good wood-pile in the alley, concluded to sit up a few hours and see if he could detect the person or persons who had stolen a dozen sticks the night previous. About eleven o'clock a bow-backed cripple man came up the alley, looked around in a cautious way, and then took a stick of wood on each shoulder and started off.

"I've got you, you thief!" cried the citizen as he dashed out.

"S-s-s, you hez—so you her," replied the man, as he let the sticks drop; "but jest wait a leetle afore you beat off any lumpy coin. Does you know what I was gwine to do wid dis wood?"

"Yes, I do! You were stealing it."

"Jess like I fought you'd say, sah, but dar's whar' ye hurts my feelin's. I was talkin' to de doctah 'bout de bendin' ober in my back, an' he tole me to walk up an' down de alley wid a load on bof shoulders. I was borrowin' dis wood to carry out dat medical advice, sah, an' if you charges anyfing I kin pay de cash right down."

The citizen said he thought he could cure the "bending over," but he can't be positive whether he made any improvement or not, as the man broke away after the fourth kick and galloped down the alley like a barrel of sand rolling down hill.

ANECDOTE OF FORREST.—The late Edwin Forrest was not wholly consumed with jealousy and contentiveness. He was a student, and had some great spots of kindness in him. Besides, he had a singular height and manliness of character. "An old schoolmate of his, who had become a clergyman, met him one day, and asked the favor of a ticket to his performance of 'Lear' that evening, but added that he wished his seat to be in a private box, where he could see without being seen. 'No, sir,' was the reply by which the player rebuked the preacher; 'when I look at my audience, I should feel ashamed to see there one who is ashamed to be seen. Permit me to say, sir, that our acquaintance ends here.' When a mere youth he played at Albany second-parts to Edmund Kean, for whom he had the highest admiration. After the play, a man whom he had always liked said to him: 'Your logo is better than Kean's Othello.' Forrest says: 'I never spoke to that man again.'"

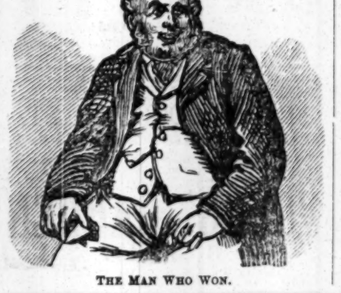
A WRITER in one of the religious papers uses up two columns of room to prove that Paul was not homely.

TEN BROECK AND PAROLE AT JEROME PARK.

THE GREAT RACE

THAT DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.

When it came to be known that the great race between Ten Broeck and Parole, announced to take place at Jerome Park, was "off"—we adopt the vernacular of the turf to show our familiarity with that progressive institution—sincere regret, as well as keen disappointment, was felt by all lovers of exciting sport. In the midst of the general lamentations, and while the turfmen were bewailing the fact that Parole was to have a walkover, it occurred to us that we might perform a commendable act by presenting these famous flyers to THE CLIPPER. Accordingly, with characteristic enterprise, and in advance of all our contemporaries, we have secured the above strikingly accurate illustration. Should the objection be raised that it is impossible to illustrate an event which never occurred, we would beg to remind the objector that to enterprise like ours there is nothing impossible. Had the race come off, as announced, half of the pictorial papers would have contained illustrations of the event. There would have been no especial credit due these journals in that case. Anybody can get up a report of a race which has actually been run, but it requires a peculiar sort of genius to depict a race which never occurred. This our enterprise and our artist combined have succeeded admirably in doing. It will be observed that at the precise point in the race represented above, the horses are running neck-and-neck. Everybody who knows anything about such matters will be able at once to distinguish Parole from Ten Broeck. We shall not, therefore, insult the intelligence of our readers by pointing out which is which. Nor would it be honorable in us to tell which horse came in ahead—because that information might influence public opinion in future contests. We may say, however, that the race was the fastest on record, and that both Ten Broeck and Parole astonished their most ardent admirers. Here is one of them—one of the ardent admirers. His ardor evinced itself in book-making (that is an-



THE MAN WHO WON.

other technical phrase), and his books showed a heavy balance in his favor. He is the man who won. He believes in betting. He believes in horse-racing. He believes that this is a jolly world. There is scarcely anything in which the man who won doesn't believe just now. He takes a champagny view of life, and wonders how anybody can live in this glorious climate of New York and feel other than happy. It is possible that the objector before mentioned may propound to inquire how, when the great race didn't come off, a man could win money on the event? We reply that that is something known only to ourselves and the man who won. Beyond this, we decline to offer any explanation. We have shown the horses coming in on the home stretch, and the man who won. If any farther proof of the absolute accuracy of our report is needed, it will be found in the presentation of the man who *didn't* win. Herewith we present him. Unfor-

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WIN.

tunately, it is one of the fundamental rules of betting that whenever one man wins another must lose. He will be a philanthropist, indeed, who discovers some method by which there will be no such thing as losing on a bet. The man who didn't win is disgusted with "book-making." He is disgusted with horse-races. He is disgusted with the world. You see the tragic expression on his face, the dish veler air, the disheartened moustache. He has been figuring out his losses and calculating how long he will have to subsist on codfish-balls and counter-lunches to square up his accounts. We sincerely hope that we have proved our ability to depict the scenes of a great race with strict fidelity to nature. We desire only to add that when our ambition is once aroused—that when we set out to accomplish a thing—we never fail. And in the future the public will understand that we are not to be thwarted by any such trivial circumstance as the abandonment of a race. We shall illustrate it just the same whether it is run or not.

THE MAN WITH A GREEN EYE.

I keep the livery and bait stables at Otham. James Twist, who owns the hotel at Ightford, is a man I dislike. He is jealous of my prosperity. The train brings city folks to Otham, and thence they make excursions to Ightford. 'Tis a lovely road, with nothing but cornfields and hopgardens on either side; there is not a house between the two places. Those who can afford it hire traps of me, and I send many customers to James Twist; he never sends me one. However, now and then I go over in a friendly spirit to show him I bear no ill will, and to vex him with an account of my prosperity. One day last October I paid him a visit, and walked there, pretending I had let out all my vehicles. "I thought you would like to know," said I, not quite truly, I sat in his parlor bragging all the time until 9 o'clock, for a storm had broken, and the rain fell in torrents. I told Twist I intended my boy Tom for the bar, and should send him to college.

"I should like to know how you make your money," said Twist.

"Well," said I, looking round at the two or three visitors, "as we are all friends, and in the same way of business, I don't mind telling you. 'Tis all along with my mare Kitty—you know her?"

"Very well," said James Twist.

"She is the artfullest mare breathing, and a fortune in conjunction with the buggy—you know the old buggy?"

"Well enough," James Twist replied.

"That's the most reliable vehicle that was ever built. While the mare goes slow the buggy holds together; but if it is rattled it comes to pieces like a house of cards. Well, I let the little lot out at so much an hour, and a deposit to those who want to drive the thing themselves. Now, the old mare takes three hours to come here; for she will keep stopping and trying to turn round home. The journey here is only seven miles; but oh! that mare is artful. Directly she leaves here she dashes off homewards like a swallow. She don't run, and she don't gallop, and she don't trot; she just flies. What's the consequence? Something happens to the buggy, and the deposit pays the expenses. The first thing I ask the unfortunate driver is: 'Did you stop at Ightford?'

"Of course I did," he replies, "and for a good reason; the beast couldn't draw us until she'd had some food. We might have walked twice in the time."

"And you took some refreshment."

"I should think I did," he incautiously admits.

"There you are!" says I, "if gentlemen will drive horses when they can't walk themselves who's responsible for the consequences?"

Everyone laughed, and I amused the company with a few more anecdotes of my shrewdness until the hour for closing the house arrived. It was still raining hard.

"You can't lend me a trap, can you?" I asked, not relishing the walk in the pitch dark and rain. Twist could not, but there was a little many carts in a green eye who had listened quietly to my fun, enjoying it and his pipe, and he very kindly offered to lend me his vehicle if I would return it in the morning. "But as you seem rather clever," says he, "perhaps you will not mind leaving me a deposit." I admired his caution; it was what I should have exercised myself, and willingly agreed, giving him a sum of money and thanking him heartily for his goodness. We had a few more friendly glasses, and when the trap was ready I got into it. It was like my buggy: I could see that, despite the darkness and although my sight was not quite clear. I shouted good-night; the hostler gave the horse his head, and I laid on the whip. There was no need of that; the brute sped like the wind down the hill. I didn't care; the horse and trap were not mine. I like a horse that can go. "And you shall go, now you are in the humor," said I, applying the whip. Faster he flew. Thought I, "I should like to buy this little lot," when, at that very moment, the fore-carriage broke away, and I shot out—remained in the road with the hinder part—while the horse, with the fore-carriage clattering behind him, was soon lost to hearing. I was not hurt—more than half the journey was passed, and I started off to complete it with no trouble on my mind.

The owner might recover his horse and carriage as he best could. The accident was no fault of mine.

When I reached home my hostler said: "Kitty's come home, sir."

"That's a good job," said I cheerily. "Any accident?"

"Come in half again, sir. She brought home the fore carriage, but the gent haven't turned up with the body."

Dread seized me. I could hardly articulate: "What sort of a gent?"

But I shall never forget my hostler's reply: "A little knowing gent, sir, with a green eye."

THE ELOQUENCE OF AN INTEMPERATE ACTOR.

The Virginia City Chronicle says: "An old fellow who gave his name as Chas. H. Sloscon was called up in Judge Wright's court on the charge of drunkenness. He was a remarkably seedy-looking specimen, arrayed in a dirty check shirt and a pair of loose, baggy trowsers, which were prevented from falling off by a leather strap knotted about the waist. He was shivering and trembling from the effects of a well-sustained debauch, and hardly had the physical strength to stand upright. When the Judge asked him if he had anything to say, he rose up and demanded a jury, which was granted, and when his turn came he advanced with a shuffling tread, and, bending his eyes on his 'peers,' began:

"'Gentlemen of the jury, I stand here to-day less a defender of my own personal debasement than an example of human depravity, which, like a beacon-light, should warn you from the ragged rocks of intemperance. A man in my condition is like a rude sign-post I once saw in Tennessee, which pointed up a road over which green grass was beginning to wave. On the sign was the inscription: 'Small-pox,' and the index finger of a hand pointing westward. If any of you travelling along a highway saw such a sign as that, you would pause on the brink of any condition and turn backwards. [Sensation.] In me you behold such a sign; and if by looking upon me any one of you can be turned back from destruction, I shall think that God in his infinite mercy has allowed me to fill a sphere of usefulness which shall enable me to bear with fortitude the imputation constantly hurled upon me by my own conscience—that I have lived in vain.

"'Gentlemen of the jury, as you peruse the pages of the old poets you will see how they have deified the wine-cup. They have wreathed it with the flowers of fancy, surrounded it with the halo of song, and peopled its bloody depths with the creatures of their own bright imaginations, until one might almost believe the true well-spring of human happiness; when bitter experience tells us in very different language that it is the fountain-head of misery, the abode of the demon that destroys our very lives. [Here one of the jurors wiped away a tear with his coat-sleeve.] There is something which comes up in the fumes of the cup that fools call inspiration, but it is a cunning reptile, which, crawling up from the depths of the grape, enters the window of the brain, and steals away, like a thief in the night, with our reason fast in its embrace. [Here the speaker poured out and took a drink of water.] There is a hand in the wine-cup which, at any moment, may put its fellow grip upon your throats, and strangle you as a strong man might a babe. [Here several of the jury pulled down their vests.]

"'Gentlemen of the jury, I have not long to stay. Two mighty miners are delving on this lode—Time and Death. They are daily at their posts, working together side-by-side as one eternal shift, clearing away the rubbish of waste rock and pushing along the ledge. Before long I shall be gathered in the vast laboratory of Death, a piece of useless property, to be cast into the waste dumps of hell.'

"He re the old fellow pulled from his pocket a red handkerchief, and began to sob. The effect was immediate and striking. The old miners and the jury, moved by his forcible simile, broke forth into simultaneous sobs, in which the Court, spectators and prosecuting attorney joined. *The Chronicle* reporter was so moved that he was obliged to go and brace up with a stiff cocktail. The jury were not obliged to find him guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the Court. He was accordingly fined $5, which the jury paid on the spot, and the old man slid out of the door with the remark: 'I knew I'd ketch 'em. Blast my buttons! didn't I work up the briny, though, didn't I?' A subsequent investigation led to the discovery that the bum was an ex-actor from Frisco, who was just giving the jury a touch of his profession."

TRAINING TRICK ELEPHANTS.

The London Spectator gives the following account of the process of training African elephants at Alexandra Park, near London: "The 'juniorist' elephant is selected to have his lesson first, and comes slinging down to the ring in his heavy trot; the occasion is quite a private one, but there is a Nubian looking on, who has learned the English method of applauding, and he softly claps his black palms together as the pupil stations himself in his rope to begin with, and feels up Mr. Felix's sleeve for consolation in the shape of carrots. He does not get them at this stage of the proceedings, but he knows they are coming, and it is very funny to observe him, in the midst of his lesson, twitching his trunk in some new direction, which it suddenly occurs to him is appropriate, as he resumes his studies as if he had not had a momentary distraction. He weighs seven hundred weight at present, and if he can only be kept from injurious food and inflammatory diseases will grow to ten feet high, it is expected, and furnish a remarkable refutation of the general belief that Persian, not to say African elephants, are untrained. They are not lidded, equal to the Indian elephants in intelligence. One has only to look at their 'brain-box' to see that the four little elephants, all newly come into Mr. Felix's hands, are making rapid progress under the system of kindness, patience, praise, reward and 'no knock.' 'Now, then, Jumbo, up with you!' 'Come, you're a boy!' 'Ah, brave, brave, you are a beauty!' 'Fine boy! beautiful boy!' Such are the phrases, perpetually repeated, which encourage the big little scholar as he climbs on a wooden pedestal, lifts one clumsy leg after another, admonished by a gentle tap of the teacher's stick—never used to hurt or frighten him—or turns his lumbering body in the valse, which, when he is perfect in the accomplishment, will be hailed with peculiar delight by the public. The valse is a performance which the little elephants learn very readily. They are at first held by one huge flapping ear, and turned by the teacher, whose steps they follow—the movement comes easily to them; after two or three lessons they need only to have the stick held on the side from which they are to turn; a few more, and the wave of the teacher's hand in the required direction is enough. Three of Mr. Felix's pupils are as yet not sufficiently advanced to appear in public; it was most interesting to see how they took in the idea of what was required of them, and to hear him praise them when they succeeded in doing what he indicated. He never lets them be bored, and observes them so closely that when the clever little black elephant was coming on finely in the art of rolling a barrel with his fore feet—it was delightful to see his satisfaction when he discerned what he was to do, and that his hind feet were to be kept clear of the barrel—Mr. Felix stopped the lesson at once on seeing him begin to tremble. Good marks in the circus-school translate themselves into lumps of sugar and chunks of carrot, and bad ones into derisive observations about the self-respect which the idle pupil ought to feel, but doesn't. One of Mr. Felix's pupils is still very timid; he was scared and ill during his voyage to this ungenial clime, and at first he would not let anyone approach him; but he is a promising youngster now, and lends his bark-like back to a friendly scratch with much affability. On none of these animals is to be seen a scar or a 'prod.' The 'no-knocking-about' system is to be traced in their bodies and in their manners, and they look for their rewards—afore-said to their stomachs—with cheerful confidence. One of them, the nervous one, had an anxious and puzzled look during a portion of his lesson, but reiterated assurances of his bravery, his beauty and his babyhood induced him to 'perk up,' as the nurses say, wonderfully."

NOT THE MAN.—A man demanded a free glass of rum in a Nevada saloon, and did not get it. Then he said he had never tried it, but it had been the ambition of his life to kill a barkeeper: but when the barkeeper took out two six-shooters and a club the man said he did not mean a polite, gentlemanly barkeeper, but one of those fellows who wore paste diamonds and parted their hair in the middle.

DOG-SELLER.—"That 'ere hanimal's the real stock, mum, and dog cheap at $30." Young Widow.—"It's a sweet, pretty darling; black and white; but, in my present state of bereavement, you must procure me one entirely black; this will do very well in about six months, for half mourning."

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANTONIO.

The old, old story—woman's love and man's betrayal—is the theme of our little article. Just when life was showing to her young heart all the allies and pleasure that were in it, the false deceiver with fascinating wiles and false protestations, came and robbed her of all that makes life a paradise—honor, reputation and character. Plac

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Xinstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE NOWHEREHIJI MINSTRELS.

Although the fact may not make itself immediately apparent, the scene herewith presented is a genuine negro-minstrel performance. The company embraces some of the most distinguished artists in Nowhereh1ji, Africa. If Mr. Boucicault honestly desires to find out what a comedy is, let him carefully study this scene. The Nowhereh1jians have no need of burnt cork. Nature has thoughtfully blackened both their faces and bodies in order to fit them for the minstrel business. In the matter of dress they are exceedingly simple in their tastes. A napkin or two is sufficient for the most refulgent star. They do not believe in hiding their talents under too many napkins. With regard to their peculiar style of entertainment, it may truthfully be said that nothing like it was ever seen in this country. They amuse themselves by chopping off one another's heads, or dragging an unfortunate fellow-being over the ground by the hair, or roasting a near relative at the stake. It will be observed that these innocent proceedings are watched with evident approval by the Nowhereh1jians who are seated under their umbrellas. The three figures near the centre of the scene will be at once recognized as song-and-dance artists. Care should be taken not to confound the Nowhereh1jians who are posts which are erected in front of the building. The latter may be readily distinguished from the former by the absence of napkins. The gentleman to the left of the fire, who is gazing up at the tree in a contemplative mood, is the champion head-chopper of the world. As the tree is intended for a palm-tree, it is fair to presume that the champion is looking for a "date."

BESSIE, THE PRIDE OF THE MILL.

WORDS BY SAMUEL N. MITCHELL. MUSIC BY SPENCER LANE.

I knew a sweet maid-
en in childhood,
Who cast her affec-
tion on me.
And when in the val-
ley or wild wood
Her voice was a
marvel of glee;
To her I was kinkind as
a brother,
And knelt to her
bidding and skill;
But I was in love
with another,
My Bessie,
The pride of the mill.

Chorus.

To choose 'twixt the
two was a duty
That I was obliged
to fulfill,
And so I discarded
the beauty
For Bessie, the pride
Of the mill.

My choice proved a
good and a bless-
ing,
An after-day com-
fort to me,
And now my fond wife is caressing
A sweet little boy on her knee;
The maid that I might have selected
Is toying with honest hearts still,
And fickleness makes her neglected
For others who work in the mill.

Chorus —To choose 'twixt the two, etc.

SWEET BESSIE.

CAN DOGS COUNT?

A gentleman on a visit to Scotland came across some men who were washing sheep. Close to the water where the operation was being carried on was a small pen, in which a detachment of ten sheep were placed handy to the men for washing. While watching the performance his attention was called to a sheep-dog lying near his chair, by this animal, on the pen becoming nearly empty, without a word from anyone, started off to the main body of the flock and brought back ten of their number and drove them into the empty washing-pen. The fact of the barking exactly the same number of sheep as had vacated the pen soon was at first as a strange coincidence, a mere chance. But the continued looking on, and, much to his surprise, as soon as the men had reduced the number to three sheep, the dog started off again and brought back ten more, and so he continued throughout the afternoon, never miscounting one more or one less, and always going for a fresh lot when only three were left in the pen, evidently being aware that during the time the last three were washing he would be able to bring up a fresh detachment.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST APPEARANCES on the Stage of Joseph Jefferson, and Possibly His First.

H. N. D. sends a copy of a bill in which the name of Joseph Jefferson, who is now fulfilling an engagement in Booth's Theatre, in this city, appears, he being cast for Cora's child. His age at that time was 7 years and 10 months, he having been born Feb. 20, 1829.

The Washington, D. C., and Harrisburg, Pa., Theatres were then under the management of his father and grandfather; both of whose names are in the cast of the bill, the former as Gronsonne and Dr. Lenitive, and the latter as the Sentinel in "Pizarro." Mr. Jefferson Sr., the great favorite of Philadelphia, died in 1832; his son, Joseph, died at Mobile in 1842; Mrs. J. Jefferson, the mother of our present admirable comedian, was originally Miss Cornelia Thomas, and was connected with the Southern theatres as a vocalist as early as 1810. She was afterwards Mrs. Thomas Burke and mother of the late Charles Burke, and in 1826 became Mrs. Joseph Jefferson the second. She died in 1850. Mr. Palmer was a young actor of great promise, who died in Charleston, S. C., in 1833. Mr. Drummond was the first husband of Mrs. Willis was in great favor here as a low comedian—he committed suicide in Natchez, Miss., in 1839. Mrs. Pindar was a pleasing actress from the London theatres, and had played after engagement at the Park, New York. Her after life is unknown. Miss J. Anderson was a granddaughter of the elder Jefferson, and, of course, a cousin of the present another of Miss Effie Germon—she is now playing in Baltimore. Mrs. Alexander Drake—formerly Miss Denny, and for many years the tragic queen of the West—died in Kentucky, Sept. 1, 1875, in her 70th year. The other members of the company are unknown to fame, unless Mr. Hartwig was one of the numerous husbands of the celebrated Mrs. Tatnall—afterwards known as Mrs. F. Pritchard.

WASHINGTON THEATRE.

MRS. A. DRAKE is engaged for four nights only, and will make her first appearance this evening.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 26, 1831,

will be presented the tragedy of

PIZARRO, OR THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

Pizarro	Mr. Gilmer
Rolla	Mr. Palmer
Alonzo	Mr. Drummond
Attaliba	Mr. Richard
Los Casas	Mr. Hartwig
Gronsonbo	Mr. Jeffer-on
Blind Man	Mr. McKibbin
Between the play and farce	
A SAILOR'S HORNPIPE BY MR. RICHARDS.	

The whole to conclude with the favorite farce of

THE PRIZE. Or 2, 5, 3, 8.

Dr. Lenitive	Mr. Jefferson
Capt. Hartwell	Mr. Richards
Caroline	Mr. Drake
Label	Mr. Wills
Caddy	Mr. McKibbin
	Mrs. J. Jefferson

"BEWARE OF THE ELKS."

The Chicago, Ill., Lodge of B. P. O. of Elks, at their regular social session, Sunday evening, Nov. 4, were addressed by Bro. Joseph Mackin, who concluded a mirth-provoking speech with a toast to the memory of Edwin Adams, Billy Pastor and G. L. Fox, recently deceased, but by a slip of the tongue he said "a Scotch toast to our deceased brothers." Several gentlemen attached to the staff of *The Times* were present, and the following recently appeared in that journal:

A Police-court Story With a Moral.

"I will fine you $5 and the costs," said Justice Morrison on yesterday morning.

The prisoner looked somewhat vacantly at the Judge, but after a while, gathering his wits together, inquired:

"Are you an Elk?"

"An Elk?" spoke up his Honor with indignation. "What do you mean? If you say that again I will have to fine you for contempt of court."

"That settles it. Now I know you are an Elk. Go ahead. Fire away. I'm used to it."

"You were drunk last night."

"Never was drunk in my life."

"That won't wash here. Sober men don't stand on their heads on street-corners. Of course you were drunk."

"Am I fined for standing on my head? Well, well, what next? I'm fined if I stand on my head, and I'm fined if I don't stand on my head. It's all a muddle, and I can't make it out."

"What do you mean? Explain yourself," quoth his Honor.

"Well, you *see*," said the prisoner in a dazed sort of way, "I met a couple of friends last night—Frank and Sam—you know them. They said to me: 'Come along to the Elks,' and I went. As soon as I entered the hall I was fined for leaving taken my hat off, and when I put it on I was fined for wearing it. Next the president fined me for being fresh, and when I remonstrated he fined me for being 'stale.' One man was fined for having a mother-in-law, and another because his wife had a baby, a third had to pay 'tho tenit' because it was surmised he had corns, and a fourth because his name was Said. By and-bye some body sang another recited some poetry, and I was fined for both. At last they wanted me to do something. I told them I couldn't. They insisted I must, and told a man with a club and a star on the front to fetch me to the floor, and then the first thing the president did was to fine me. Next he told me if I couldn't do anything else I must stand on my head, and I finally did to escape further fines. I presume I became a little bewildered at all this, for the last thing I remember I thought I heard the president propose the *health* of a dead man—I was about to say Adams, I believe, and—knowing I couldn't be in my right mind, I did the best I could to mimic him my way out. I don't know exactly what happened after that, except that I remember meeting a man with a club and star, and rather than be fined again for not standing on my head as I had been before, I didn't wait to be asked, but just did it, and that's all I know about it."

The fine was recalled and the prisoner was allowed to depart.

OUR ANCESTORS.

If a man had been drinking that is, drinking lut-imperately for a number of days in succession—he might object to this tableau in the innocent faces of the combatants—that is what they are, monkeys—he might fancy that he beheld the horrible materialization of spirits; in other words, snakes and things. but these are not snakes and things. Moreover, assured as we are of the absolute sobriety of all our readers, we do not hesitate to introduce the monkeys' care into THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. These playful animals are enjoying themselves and some of them are writing for MSS. You may notice in their own peculiar way. Some of them are suspended by their tails and some of them are writing odes to Darwin. In the middle of the cage will be observed the meek face of a cow. You may notice that the monkey to the extreme left wears a serious expression on his face, and yet, all things considered, how much less harmful is a monkey sour than a whiskey sour!

A BANG-UP AFFAIR.

WORDS BY BEN KING. DEDICATED TO TONY PASTOR.

Through married, I'm one of the boys;
I confess I'm a victim to sport;
What would life be without its joys?
Real pleasure can only be bought."
All parties and balls I attend,
For expenses I never once care;
I'm sure to meet with a friend,
And we make it a bang-up affair.

Chorus.—Yes, we make it a bang-up affair,
A regular bang-up affair,
For expense I never once care,
When it's such a bang-up affair.

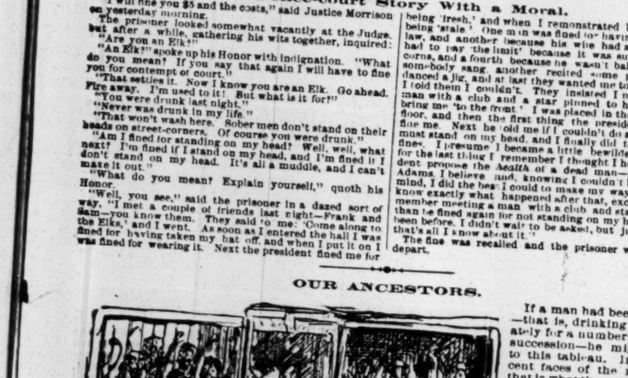
Last night I went out with a friend,
We attended a fancy dress ball;
We had plenty of money to spend,
So much we were noticed by all;
Champagne it was nothing to us,
We got on a regular tear;"
"I haven't got over the bust"
It was such a bang-up affair."

Chorus.—Yes, we make it a bang-up affair, etc.

"I was late when we started for home,
My friend took my arm as we walked;
Through the principal streets of the town,
And I and was I sway that we raked.
A policeman declared we were gone—
Said he: 'I must take you in care.'
Ten dollars we paid the next morn,
But it was a bang-up affair.

Chorus.—Yes, we make it a bang-up affair,
A regular bang-up affair;
For expense I never once care,
When its such a bang-up affair.

THE DASHING DOCKRILL.



In response to a very general and earnest demand, we have secured, for this occasion only, the services of Mme. Elise Dockrill, the dashing equestrienne. She appears in one of her most thrilling feats, grasping the girdle of her horse while the blooded animal clears the fence, and supporting herself solely by her hands. Strictly speaking, Mme. Dockrill does not support herself solely by her hands. She depends more upon her feats, for the performance of which she receives a salary sufficiently large to support her in queenly style. It will be observed that the fence over which her horse leaps stands erect, instead of being lowered, as is sometimes the case, by officious su pernumeraries in red coats. Mme. Dockrill's steed would take of-fence at any such proceeding. Both horse and rider have met with such an enthusiastic reception in this city that the pre-eminence of the circus once more asserts itself. And, after all, there is no form of amusement which retains its freshness so remarkably as does that given in the sawdust ring—we beg the profession's pardon, the arena. The charm of the circus exerts itself upon all classes and in all stages of life. It may undergo time's changes—Mme. Dockrill may ride four horses as fearlessly as did her masculine rival of a generation ago, and five elephants instead of one may astonish us by their intel ig nce—still the circus loose none of those robust virtues which made it dear in the days when we entered the tent under the canvas, and not through the door. With this bit of sober reflection, let the band strike up while Mme. Dockrill proceeds with her exhilarating performance.

JIM KANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[NOTE.—As the 11.40 Erie express-train was nearing Port Jervis yesterday, a man was observed on the track a short distance ahead of the locomotive. A warning whistle was given and the breaks were put on, but the man seemed dazed and unable to move from right. A fireman named James Kane, taking in the situation at a glance, heroically climbed through the window of the engine and crept down on the cow-catcher, and the pilot struck the man, raising him several feet in the air. Kane grasped him fiercely, and held him till the train stopped. The man, who was badly scared, but escaped injury, gave his name as Charles Birchard, and his residence as Philadelphia, and went away without even asking the name of his heroic rescuer.—*N. Y. Sun.*]

SCENE.—*Railroad Depot. Reporter interviewing* DENIS FLYNN.

"Ye think him a haxyo, sir; ye do?
Well, as for that, dy'e see,
He's just as matther-o'-fact a chap
As aither yerself or me.
Excuse me, sor, but what I mane
Is he doesn't put on no airs;
What's only remarkable about Kane
Is he minds his own affairs.

"Ye think he molested another's thin;
Well, just betyant, I'll tell ye an' me,
That's not the view o' the matther he took
When he clomb from the ingine, ye see.
When he saw a fellow-crature daft
With danger afore the thrain,
He thought it his dijuty to get him aff,
An' dijuty's what alls Jim Kane.

"He'd no time to 'think, sor; 'tis coorse was clear,
An' he didn't make no delay;
His arm is sthrong, an' as for fear—
Well, he grew a thrifle pale;
But that was all. While the man was sthruck
By the pilot an' fell again,
He caught on the cow-catcher, an' his luck
Brought him into the grip av Kane.

"He was saved, av coorse, an' the thrain was stopt,
An' half dead with frighi an' fear
He was taken off. What was Kane's reward?
Well, that, sor, I didn't hear;
He's but a common fireman, ye know,
An' the company owmin' the thrain
Jist pay him a dollar a day or so,
An' think it enough for Kane." DAVID ROBTT.

A MAN WITHOUT CURIOSITY.

A stranger walked into the office this morning, and, peering into the door of our sanctum, fixed his eyes on the bald spot on our head, and said:

"Early piety, eh? It's an awful sad sight to see a young man baldheaded."

"Very sad," we replied, pushing our pencil vigorously, and without looking up from the writing of a heavy leader on "The Comparative Influence of Rifle-teams on Modern Civilization," on which we were engaged at the time.

"Yes," returned the visitor, "though sad, it's no disgrace. A bald head, sir, is a sign of brain-power; you never see a baldheaded fool. Why, just look at my head!"

He removed his hat, and his head was as bare of hair as a steam-boiler.

"A baldheaded man was sent to the insane asylum from this county last month," we said, dropping our eyes again on the writing before us.

"Well, there's exceptions to every rule," he replied.

Then he got up and went out into the composing-room, and looked over a compositor's shoulder at a piece of copy.

Strangers not allowed to read copy!" sung out the foreman from the other end of the room.

"Oh, I didn't want to read the copy; don't even care for the original," answered the persistent stranger. "I was only trying to compute how many of these types it would take to manufacture an account of a first-class horse-race."

Then he went over to a stone and picked up a stick of a type that the devil had set down for a moment.

"Look out! this aint a bakery!" cried the devil.

"Who in blazes said it was?"

"Well, you were trying to make 'pi,'" answered the devil.

"Well, that's all right. I don't believe in strangers going into a place and making themselves perfectly at home. If I was a carpenter, for instance, and had a kit of tools, I wouldn't go and set the people to be coming fooling around and slicing off their fingers with my chisels, or anything of that sort."

While he was saying the above words he had his hands on the cylinder of the proof-press, and was pushing it backward and forward, making a noise which was like saying "The Comparative Influence of Rifle-teams on Modern Civilization" into a hopeless muddle. Writing was out of the question while this fiend was present; so we abandoned the heavy leader, and, straightening up in our chair, gave him a look square in the eye, and said:

"Yes, it's a fine idea for people to fool with things they don't understand. Why, only two days ago a stranger came in here and actually put up one of our Gatling guns. Of course he didn't know it was loaded, and the country gave decent burial to such fragments of him as the devil managed to pick up around the office. Here, boy, show this gentleman one of the Gatlings!"

The devil rolled forward a large iron cylinder, used for a model for casting rollers for the press, and our visitor commenced backing towards the door, saying as he went:

"No, thank ye; if there is one thing, now, that I do pride myself on, it is that there aint a particle of curiosity in my composition. I don't even know all about Gatling guns; the second-cousin of the man that makes the Gatling guns had a mother who used to do my washing."

He backed out of the office, and started off after the manner of a man who is in a hurry. But we noticed that the dawn of the truth dawned upon him. As he looked up the street and saw no one, he realized that the man who loved lightning had gone from his shop forever.—*Mittchell's Courier.*

SEEING STARS.

You wouldn't have thought he had the slightest taste for the sciences had you seen him sprawled all over the sail-barrels in his drunken sleep; but he had scarcely been registered as John Sly Hunt and put into a cell, when he began calling:

"Say! Say, you! Say, boys, I want a better cell. I want a cell from which I can look out and see Mars' moons!"

Bijah went to the cell-door and remonstrated. He asked the prisoner to take into consideration the fact that being in an observatory was altogether different from being in the jug. Astronomers can sit up in their tall towers and boss their assistants around without stint, but prisoners have no astronomical rights.

"Mars! Mars! Mars!" yelled the man as he shook his cell-door.

"Never heard of him," replied the old man.

"Gimme a looking-glass," continued Hunt.

"Haven't any in the house."

"Lemme see them moons, or I'll holler all night!" howled the prisoner.

Then Bijah held a private conversation with him. There was rhyme to it. He said to him:

"There is no moon in the sky to-night,
In spite o' moons and Mars,
And if you don't lay down to sleep,
I'll put you into a cell."

The astronomer was then first one to come before his Honor. He seemed a buried asteroid. He looked like a dry moon. He squared off like the great dipper and remarked:

"What's the charge for staying here over night?"

"Nothing—not a cent," replied the Court. "When did you first turn your attention towards the subject of astronomy?"

"I've always been quite fond of the moon," was the hesitating reply.

"And there have been many nights in your life when you have seen two or three moons at once, eh?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Name some of the planets, will you?"

"Well," reflected the prisoner, "there is Awful Gardiner, Joe Coburn, *The Chicago Times* and ——"

"That will do, Mr. Hunt. You didn't observe the transit of Venus, I suppose?"

"Not as I remember of."

"Well, sir, were you pursuing the subject of astronomy as you lay on the same salt barrels?"

"No, sir; I was pursuing the subject of sleep."

"I will put you, John Sly Hunt, where the subject of making chairs will worry you a great deal more than any change of the moon or displacement of a planet. Go in there and take a seat on the equi-octial centre till the bigger drives u."

"Star of the morning, sometimes he milky way," added Bijah, as he crooked his finger, and the astronomer disappeared under a cloud.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"MADAM," said an impertinent boarder to his landlady, "your butter is too ancient for my delicate taste. I assume if the cases in which sweetness is preferable to rank."

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. III.a.

THE JEFFERSONS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

As suggesting how difficult it is to identify the Jefferson family without other aid than that afforded by a cast of characters, the appended bill is of service. It has an additional interest as being a record of the period at which gas was first introduced in American theatres.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.
ILLUMINATED WITH GAS.

FIRST NIGHT (this season) OF "FORTY THIEVES."

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 15, 1817,

will be acted (first time these six years) a favorite comedy, called

THE BUSYBODY.

Sir George Airy	Mr. Barrett
Marplot	Mr. Wood
Butler	Mr. Hathwell
Servant to Sir Jealous	
Sir Jealous Traffle	Mr. King
Isabinda	Mrs. Jefferson
Patty	Mrs. Francis

After which, for the first time in two years, will be revived a favorite grand operatic romance (in two acts, called

THE FORTY THIEVES.

Cassim Baba	Mr. Hathwell
Ganem	Mr. McFarland
Hassarac	Mr. Barrett
Mustapha	Mr. Burke
Robbers	Messrs. Francis, Howard, Willis, Durang, etc.
Ardanelle	Mrs. Jefferson
Ogla	Mrs. Lefolle
Georgiana	Mrs. Burke (Gossamer
Nymphs	Mrs. Bloxton, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Taylor, Miss Prigmore, etc., etc.
Sylphs	Misses C., K. and A. Durang, Jefferson, Seymour, Hathwell, Jefferson, etc., and Masters T. and J. Jefferson.

PRINCIPAL SCENES—ACT FIRST, SCENE FIRST.

The Fancy Grotto. This brilliant scene exhibits a beautiful view of the Silver Lake, surrounded by splendid rocks Glassy Lake." The fairy appears attended by her nymphs, sylphs, etc., drawn by little white swans. Her chariot is a large sea-shell, coral weeds, etc. Scene third—The garden and piazzas of Cassim Baba. Scene fourth—The inside of the cottage of All Baba. Scene fifth—The robbers' cave in the forest. Chorus—"Like the Wind driven Sand." Scene seventh—The mountains, the caravan is seen passing over, and is attacked and defeated by the robbers, etc.

Act 2d. The Abode of Orchobrand—A Gloomy Cave. The Genius is discovered on his Throne of Serpents, surrounded by Rapine, Envy, Darkness, and other Fiends, etc., etc. Scene 4th. A Street in Bagdad. Scene 5th. Another Street. Scene 6th. A beautiful Veranda of Cassim's. Scene 8th. A splendid Apartment of Ali Baba's. Scene 9th. A Magnificent White and Gold Palace (painted for Aladdin, but with considerable additions). Through the archway is seen the Silver Lake—Cupids, Sylphs, etc., in beautiful boats upon the lake.

GRAND DANCE, composed by Mr. Francis. Principal parts by Mrs. Harris, Misses K. and C. Durang, Miss Hathwell, etc.

The managers respectfully inform the public that Mr. Cooper is engaged for a few nights, and will appear on Saturday next in "Hamlet."

In preparation, a new drama called "Guy Mannering, or the Gipsy's Prophecy." Also a new comedy called "How to Try a Lover," and a new tragedy called "Adelaide." Likewise in preparation, "Blue Beard," and the musical romance of "Il Bondocani, or the Caliph Haroun."

BOX, one dollar; pit, 75 cents; gallery, 50 cents. The doors will be opened at quarter past 5, and the curtain rise at quarter past 6 o'clock.

In the foregoing casts are no fewer than seven different Jeffersons. Attached to the same theatre there was a Miss E. Jefferson; and as subsequently to this performance she was used as Cora's child in "Pizarro," the inference is she was too small even for one of the sylphs, and that hence there were eight Jeffersons on that stage. Later on we find that two Master J. Jeffersons are billed, but this we are inclined to regard as an error. The one who played Whisper is "The Busybody" was Thomas Jefferson, comedian and scene-painter, a long dead. One of the male sylphs was Jim Jefferson, a name, while the other was the father of the present comedian. He who played All Baba was the comedian's grandfather, and the Ardanelle of the bill was Joseph's grandmother, who died in Philadelphia forty-six years ago. The Miss E. Jefferson who is spoken of as having a few weeks later been Cora's child was probably Euphemia, but what Euphemia or whose we shall not venture to say. She might have been the child of Euphemia, eldest daughter of the eldest Joseph Jefferson, and who is said to have married Thomas Jefferson in 1815. If so, the midget has become Mrs. C. B. Saunders of the California theatres, and is the aunt of Miss Effie Germon.

Thomas Burke, who as Sir Francis Gripe on that night made his first appearance on the stage of the Philadelphia Theatre, died in 1824. He was the father of Charles Burke, the once popular low-comedian whose early death was so much deplored. His widow, who on this night of Jan. 15, 1817, first played Georgiana, a "Nymph," in the musical education in the concert-rooms of this city has peculiarly fitted her, married the Master J. Jefferson of the bill, and from this union sprang the renowned Rip Van Winkle, as from her union with Thomas Burke had sprung another excellent one in Charles Burke, to whose son in the Joseph now at Booth's Theatre used to play second in this city. Adding Mrs. Burke to the Jeffersons, to whom she belongs, and this bill presents eight of them.

Mrs. Lefolle, becoming such by her marriage with the well-known orchestra leader in Philadelphia and the South, was the mother of the Placide children, still remembered, though not on the stage, in Mrs. William B. Blake. William B. Wood, who played Marplot for the first time, and spoke David Garrick's epilogue to "The Busybody" died sixteen years ago, in Philadelphia, where Mr. Hathwell, also born an English subject, had died many years before. It should not be supposed, because no record of Mr. Abercrombie has been preserved, that he was not well known in his day. The casts of the period, unlike those of the present, though not on the bill, like hundreds of other actors once familiar in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, but whose names figure in casts alone—never in books—he was a useful personage in the theatre. The Sir George Airy was "Gentleman" Jack Bellamy, the Giles Leonard Barrett who died in Boston in 1809—George H. Barrett died in this city in 1860. William Francis, an Englishman like the Barretts, father and son, was by preference a dancer, and the inventor of several dances, from 1815 to 1826. He wearied of saltatorial flights, and became an actor of old men. Gout ultimately claimed him in 1826. In Philadelphia, where his wife, a London lady and a rare comedian, died in 1834. Mrs. Harris, who now made her first appearance this season, was a graceful dancer, and largely due to her. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson afterwards went South, where he became well known to others beside professionals. Hopkins Robertson, son, the present presence of mind enabled him to save a number of lives when the Richmond (Va.) Theatre was burned, in 1811, was a tallow chandler by trade, did not take to the stage until he was about thirty years old, and died in 1819. Mr. McFarland was a singer, as well as an actor, and during 1816 was connected with the American theatres. Mrs. Bloxton was an English beauty who was extremely available in spectacles at that period, and in little became useful as an actress in the South. Miss Seymour in the same line with the "sylphs" became Mrs. James H. Rowe, Miss Prigmore was the daughter of the English low-comedian of that name. Father and mother were both upon the American stage for many years. Charles Durang has been dead but seven years, but his brothers Augustus and Ferdinand, who were more promising, both as actors and dancers, have been laid away nearly a half century. Ferdinand was the father of Charlotte Durand, operatic vocalist. Kate and Ada actresses on the New York stage, are also dead. The Miss A. Durang, another of the sisters, probably never got beyond the ballet. Last of all comes the celebrated Mrs. Entwistle, who, as Miss Beverley in "The Gamester," made her American debut Oct. 23, 1809, at the Park Theatre, this city. She was then Mrs. Mason. In 1816 she was wedded to Entwistle, a Boston low-comedian whose intemperance soon laid him in a sailor's grave. About 1828 she married Crooke, a leading man from England, and with him she went South, where she was again widowed, and died in New Orleans in 1835.

MLLE. MARIE MARIMON.

Our first page is this week embellished by the portrait of a star of the operatic hemisphere of the East. Mlle. Marimon is a light soprano who was introduced to the English public six years ago by Mapleson, her debut in London being as Amina in "La Sonnambula" at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury-lane, on May 4, 1871. The critics at once pronounced her a florid vocalist of the first order, and an actress of high intelligence. This opinion was more than confirmed when she appeared as Maria ("La Figlia del Reggimento"), which was in so marked a contrast to her Amina as to suppose of any possible doubt regarding her versatility. Opinions as to her acting have since failed of unanimity, but as a singer she has been proclaimed without a rival, so far as executive ability is concerned. "The most wonderful display of difficulties are warbled with an ease perfectly birdlike. Such fluency, combined with delicate tone and good intonation, has never been surpassed." Of late years she has sung at Covent-garden, still proving herself one of the first of living vocalists, though heard less frequently, is the critics' moan, than her undoubted merits deserve.

RICHMOND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

This memento, clipped from a Southern paper whose name has not been forwarded to us, comes from John M. Barron, formerly of the Winter Garden, this city, but now of John E. Owens' Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Phillips, Joseph Parker, and Messrs. Edwin Adams and Jackson and Dashiells are dead. All the others are living. Mr. Barron states that this was Mr. Adams' first season in Richmond as leading-man. The bill is of the opening night. J. B. Studley soon withdrew.

MARSHALL THEATRE, RICHMOND.

Kunkel & Morley	Lessees and Managers
I. B. Phillips	Stage-manager

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 5, 1887,

Lovell's sterling play of

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Matthew Elmore, J. S. Studley	Paul Lafont
Eugene De Lorme	Edwin Adams
St. Lo	Jean Rose
Prior Dominic	Morlune
J. W. A. baugh	Don Vivar
Officers	Like Dashiells, Jackson
Margaret Elmore	Mrs. I. B. Phillips
Hermuine De Vermont	Mrs. C. W. Taylsure
Manon	Mrs. Jos. Parker
Jenny	Mrs. Edwin Adams
Overture	Orchestra
Highland Fling	Miss Jenny Haight
To conclude with	

MR. AND MRS. PETER WHITE.

Peter White	Joseph Parker
Frank Brown	J. M. Barron
Major Pepper	W. H. Bokee
Mrs. Peter White	Miss Josephine Parker
Widow White	Mrs. C. W. Taylsure
Kitty Clover	Mrs. Edwin Adams

MASCULINE IONS.

Although still unable to unearth any performance of Ion by Macready in the South or Southwest, we yet are being furnished casts of that play in this city. Mr. Harry Seymour is of the opinion that Macready dropped Ion from his repertory in England. The cast below is furnished by "H. N. D." of Bridgeport, Ct. It may be as well to complete the bill, which is of May 22, 1845, by stating that the play was followed by the farce of "Somebody Else," the late W. H. Crisp being Hans Morrits.

Ion	Mr. Anderson	Cassander	Mr. De Walden
Adrastus	Thos. Barry	Agenor	Mr. Fleming
Medon	Mr. Bridges	Cleon	Mr. S. Pearson
Strephon	Mr. Gourlay	Imodes	Mr. McDonall
Phedrus	Mr. Crocker	Irus	Mrs. Sherrett
Clytiphon	Mrs. Syott	Clemantha	Mrs. Abbott

PASS IT ROUND.—The man with *The Hawkeye* truthfully says: "Half an hour's practice on a piano every day will bring on fatal attacks of paralysis in eight months. (This is a lie; but if the press will kindly assist in giving it the widest circulation, a grateful people will neither misinterpret nor fail to reward the generous and humane motive which prompts the item.)"

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.

A very busy season, and one which was marked by performances which demonstrate the improved form of American athletes, was brought to a close on the grounds of the New York Athletic Club, at Mott Haven, on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 6. The weather was quite cold, and a very high wind prevailed, but notwithstanding this, and the additional drawback of election-day, a goodly company assembled to witness the handicaps (the entries for which were, we believe, more numerous than at any former meeting in this country) and the sensational feature of the "rich" programme—the attempt on the part of F. H. Armstrong, Harlem A. C., to walk eight miles within the hour, a feat which has been accomplished only by William Perkins, champion of England. Owing to the stiff wind militating greatly against his chance of success, however, he, by advice of his mentor, John Goulding, did not make the attempt; although, in order not to altogether disappoint the spectators, he walked four miles against time, and achieved the best amateur record for three and four miles—22m. 93-5s. and 29m. 40 4 5s. respectively, as against 22 :15 and 30 :14 by W. J. Morgan, the famous English amateur. Under more favorable circumstances he could undoubtedly considerably improve upon this, and stand an excellent chance to do the eight miles in sixty minutes. He has shown himself to be the foremost trumper in America to-day, and the Harlem Club has reason to feel proud of the membership of such men as Armstrong, Holske, Mott and Barnes, walkers, and Merritt, Morgan and Duffy, runners. Among the handicaps the steeplechase, half mile, was the most noticeable, Ed. Merritt, the N. Y. A. C. crack, who started from scratch, being beaten by about five feet only from Gus. Wayerly A. C., fifteen yards off, in the fifth of a mile hurdle by 2 3-5sec., also outtires him to praise, as did Saporstas' 10 3-5sec. from scratch in the hundred-yards run, this race being taken by C. W. McCorkindale, 25 feet start, 10 2-5sec. The particulars are given below:

100yds. *run—First trial heats*—Heat 1: J. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, 1; I. (6ft. start), 1; R. D. Neeson, New York City (25), 2. Time, 10 4-5sec. Heat 2: H. Plath, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), 1; C. Schuyler, New York City (20), 2. Time, 10 4-5sec. Heat 3: Joseph Laflin, Mystic (10 ft.), 1; C. Schuyler, New York City (20), 2. Time, 10 4-5sec. Heat 4: F. C. Sanortas, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), 1; A. Douglas, A. A. C. (20), 2. Time, 10 3-5sec. Heat 5: H. Parsons, Nereus B. C. (5), 1; Wm. R. Thornell, New York City (20), 2. Time, 10 2-5sec. Heat 6: John C. Murray, New York City (25), 1; J. W. Arthur, Atalanta Lyceum (25), 2. Time, 10 4-5sec. Heat 7: C. W. McCorkindale, New York City (25), 1; C. B. Knapp, Carmansville (10), 2. Time, 10 4-5sec. Heat 8: Emil Perth, New York City (25), walked over. *Second trial heats*—Heat 1: Elliott, 1; Plath, 2. Time, 10 3-5sec. Heat 2: Schuyler, 1; Neeson, 2. Heat 3: Parsons, 1; 10 3-5sec. McCorkindale, 2; Elliott, 3; Schuyler, 4. *Final heat*: Parsons, 1; *Two-mile walk*—G. D. Phillips, Hudson B. C. (2min. start), 1; John Hargraves, Yonkers, N. Y. C. (5min.), 2. The latter, who was the limit starter among the entries (W. E. Barnes, B. A. C., being at scratch), is about nine years of age, and astonished the spectators by the way in which he got over the ground, taking the first mile in 9 51⅘ and the full distance in 19:40. The contrast between him and the next longest starter, G. W. Garretson (3m. 30s.), who weighs over 200lb, excited much merriment.

Hurdle race, 1-5th mile, 10 hurdles, 2ft. 6in. high—Heat 1: John Drew, N. Y. A. C. (5yds.), 1; Fred. Kuhl, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), 2. The latter had a nasty fall at the 3d hurdle. Time, 33⅘sec. Heat 2: A. R. Pierson, W. A. A. (scratch), 1; W. T. Livingston, H. A. C. (3ft.), 2. Time, 33sec. Final heat: Pierson, 1; Drew, 2; Frazier, 3; Livingston, 4. Time, 31 2-5sec. The winner took the eighth hurdle first and led to the finish.

Quarter mile run—Heat 1: Wm. Childs, Nautilus B. C. (30 yards), 1; W. C. Wilkinson, Y. M. C. A. (15), 2. Time, 57sec. Heat 2: Edward Merritt, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), 1; Wm. R. Stewart Jr., N. Y. City (25 yards), 2. Time, 54 3-5sec. Won by a foot. Heat 3: Richard Berger, Eclipse B. and A. C. (8), 1; Fred. Kuhl, N. Y. A. C. (25), 2. Time, 56sec. Final heat: Merritt, 1; Chapman, 2. Won by about eight feet.

Walk against time—F. R. Armstrong Jr., H. A. C., walked four miles against time in 60 minutes, doing the 7min. 35 3-5sec. mile, the fourth in 7min. 31 1-5sec., the time for two miles being 15min. 7 1-5sec., three miles, 22min. 39 2-5sec., and four miles, 29min. 40 4-5sec., and was cervedly applauded upon the conclusion of the successful attempt.

One mile walk—Open only to members of the Harlem A. C., and was never beaten eight minutes. R. Selich, 1; L. A. Mott, 2. Time, 8m. 34⅘sec.

Half mile run—E. G. Gurner, Station F, 1; foot-office lings, N. Y. City (3m.), 2; Thos. R. Hastings, 3. Time, 2m. 17s.

Steeplechase, about 880yds.—Out of the running, over a hurdles, water-jump, finishing at the grand stand; over a hurdle and bank-fence, finishing at the grand stand; over a hurdle, water-jump, finishing at the grand stand; over a hurdle, water-jump, finishing at the grand stand; over, up and down the ridges, finishing at the grand stand; over, up and down the ridges, finishing at the grand stand; over, up and down the ridges

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not to be mailed.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 12.

LADIES'.

Allen, Mrs. J. (of Allen Sisters) 3c.
Alberta, Laura
Alleyne, Kittie (wo ca ist)
Ackerman, Cora
Arnold, Ella
Bretto Emma
Buckingham, Fan nie Louise
Bernard, Lottie
Barry, Mrs. John
Beaumont, Nellie
Boeckin, Miss N.
Berdell, Jennie
Bremond, Jennie
Bell, Kattie
Barrit, Florence
Clark, Abbey R.
Cary, Louise
Crabtree, Lotta
Cambrida, Ida
Chapman Combination
Celeste, Rose
Clayton, Eda
Davis, Mrs. Fannie
D'Alvis Sisters
Dickson, Belle
De Rosa, Joseph ine
Davenport, Fannie
De Luiri, Mrs. Louise
Devanier, Jeele
Daley, Annie
Dudley, Mrs. F. A.
Deane, Annie (4)
Everleigh, Kate
Esmond, Ella
Etzeline Sisters
Fisk, May
Fox, Annie J.
Fay, Addie
Francis, Jennie
French Twin Sisters
Forrest, Lillian (Graham, Tillie
Gaylord, Mollie (Goss, Mrs. J. 3c.
Henriette, Mlle.
Herbert Miss F. (of London, Eng.)
Harland and Hall
Franklin, Rose
Herbert, Eugenie
Howard, May
Hallie, La Belle
Huek, Emilie
Harland, Rose (2) 3c.
Harrison, Alice A.
Herbert, Florence
Arnold, Mrs. Ida
Jordan, Nellie
Kemble, Frances
Kimberley, Bessie
Kerby, Adele
Knight, Fannie
La Rue, Ella
La France, Bertie
Lang, Dollie Sharp
Lahey, Mary
Lucille, Fannie 3c.
Lazelle, Eugenie
Lavered, Mrs. C. M.
Leslie, Fannie
Lawton, Ella
Little Dorrit (2)
Le Gros Marie
Martinot Sadie
Mitchell, Mrs. Fannie S.
Melton, Maude
Menony, Clara
Maxwell, Kate
Melville, Ida
Morse, Miss Louise
Morgan, Jennie
Marshall, Florence
Morris, Clara
Neoskalera, Miss
Nelson, Bonnie
Newman, Alice
Neely, Mrs. John
Ransom, Alice (2)
Richmond Sisters
Rainford, Alice
Rose, Millie & Lulu
Richmond, Ada
Simpson, Ellen
St. Clair, Jennie
St. Felix Troupe
Sanford, Nellie
Stanley, Minnie
St. John, Nellie (3)
Stevens, Mrs. Sara
Varian, Nina
Von Rackwitzka, Mrs. Helene
Williams, Gussie
Warner Miss
Wallace Sisters
Woods, Carrie
Walton, Mary
Williams, Gussie (No. 1)
Wagner, or Wagner, Jennie
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, W. (with Heywood Bros.)
Allison, P. M.
Austin Bros.
Austin, Chas. and Carrie
Admiral Dot
Atkinson, Frank
Austin, Chas. (Zave drill)
Antonio, Wash
Austin, Ike
Anderson, Ja's. C.
Allen, W. (manager)
Ayers, Chas.
Bush, I. T. (2)
Bunting, C. W.
Benedict, Lew
Barnes, Lucian
Blake, C. J.
Burdeau, W. H.
Bloodgood, Harry
Batting, A. R.
Bashnell, Dan
Budworth, Harry
Buffalo Bill's Ma nager
Burke, Major
Blaisdell, Wm. E.
Beedle, Mr. (of Beedle's R. R.)
Brooks, A. R.
Bayne, E.
Blackford, Jas.
Butler, Rose N.
Brennan, R. A.
Bates, R. M.
Brown, H. (with Crisp Sisters)
Bradford, J. M.
Barry, Ed.
Barlow, Jas.
Barnett, J. W.
Burnitt, Mr.
Berrell, Geo. B.
Burke, J. M.
Coleman, J. A. (2) "C. F." (2)
Cowper, Jr.
Crispini, Hubert
Charles, C. E.
Colwell, Mr.
Cassidy, G. H.
Carlisle & Caverly
Clarke, Harry
Connor & Coleman
Clark Bros.
Carroll, Z. T.
Cutler, Robt. J.
Cooley, Jas.
Cornell, Gus
Crossley & Elder
Cobb, Wm. (of Forepaugh & Sir Cus)
Cordella & Victorelli
Chapman, Thos.
Clapham, H. J.
Cooper, Thos.
Cl. L. Y. (2)
Courtney, Chas.
Callender & Mc Auslin's Co.
Collyar, Eddie F. F.
Cobb, Willis
Clifton, H.
Cunnion, S. B.
Cody, W. F.
Callender, Chas.
Dale, D. W.
Dockstader, Chas.
Davis, De Forrest
Dibolo, —
Dupres, C. H.
Duffy, Ed.
Delehanty & Hengler
Donohue, Wm.
De Vere, Chas. N.
Doyle, John
Dobson, F. B.
Davis, John
Dell, W. M.
Dion & Leonard
Dowling, Jos. (rifle "bia")
Dearborn, Dr. J. W
Doyle, Ed.
Emidy, Jas.
Emmerson, Jas. A
Dollie,
Emmerson & Clark
Elliott, W. J. (agent)
Fuller, Hugh H.
Florance, Geo. A.
Farrell, Tony 5c.
Forbes, Chas.
Friese, A.
France, Geo.
Foster, Albert J.
Forrest, Billy
Francis, Chas.
Fielding, Harry & Clara
Fredericks, P. W.
Franklin, Wm. H.
Fields, John J.
Foley & Waters
Fox, Mr. (with Lup. & Ben.)
Freyer, J. C.
Friedley, J.
Grisle, G. B.
Gnilfoil, Ben
Gerry, D. S.
Giese, Harry
Gardiner, E. M.
Gibson, Frank
Girard Bros
Gardner, A. W.
Gunniven, W. H.
Gaines & Thompson
Gregston, W. A.
Gotchius, E. M.
Gilroy, Jemmel
Gallagher, Thos. J.
Golstein, Art
Hudson, G. B.
Haverly, J. H.
Hight, Tall
Hopper, Harry
Hennessey, Frank
Harris, F.
Harris & Carroll
Hunt, Wm. H.
Heller, Robt.
Hayden, W. R.
Howard, Chas. D. S.
Howard, Frank
Hernander, Montie
Hawkins, Jno. T.
Hampton, R. E.
Howe, Den
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Hoyle, Billy
Howell, Ed.
Howard, Rollin
Heidler, Jacob
Harrison & Sully
Hurley, Joe
Howard, C. J.
Hill, Jas.
Hawkins, D. R.
Hunter, T. M.
Harrison, Eugene H.
Howard, Chas. L.
Harrison, G. W. (2)
Hawkins, R.
Hooley & Thompson
Healy, Conway & Saunders.
Judd, W. J. (magician 2c.)
Jauntry, Jacob
Jerome & Cameron
James, Harry K.
Jones H. Wheeler
Jordan, Jas.
Keith, Mr.
Kelly, (Leaf of Waters & Kelly)
Kersands, Wm.
Kehoe, Sim D.
Kelly & Leon
Kent, Chas
Kennedy, H. (vendriloquist)
Kidder, C. W.
Kearney, Jas. Lennett
Kemble, Chas.
Knight, Geo. S.
Lake, Don
Lawler, W. F. (2)
Livingston, Frank
Little Mac
Leary, Chas.
Langdon, Chas.
Lewis, Dan
Leavitt's Bell-Ringers
Lennox, Geo. J.
Leavitt, M. B.
Landis, W. (of Landis Bros.)
Long, Robt. L.
La Thorne, Mons.
Lucas, Saml.
Lewis, C. F.
McCarty, Chas.
Murphy J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Merrick, Geo. W.
Morrison, Lewis 3c
Morse, J. T
Martin, John
Murphy & Morton
Meadow, Dudley
Maxwell, Barry
Melville, W. T.
Melville, Frank
McIntyre & Heath
Mineo, T.
Melvin, Chas.
Mowry, Nell
Morin, Sam (2)
McDonald Jas.
Meyer, H.
Melville, Jas.
Mansen, Billy.
Murphy, Paddy
Marcella, Alfred
Maas, Jas.
Morris, Lew
Maul, C. (2) 3c.
Morrissey, Hon. Jno.
Morris, Andy
McKee, Andy
Nunn & Bros., Wm.
Newcombe, Bobby
Nixon, Jas.
Newhall, Frank
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, Fred
O'Dale, Wm.
Oliver, Jas.
O'Brien Bros.
Owens, John E. (2)
Potter, W. J.
Paine, Ira A. (3)
Price, Wally
Phenix & Mason
Powers, John H.
Parmlee, John
Primrose, G. H.
Pease, Harry
Potter, C. A.
Pearl, C. C.
Peters, Jas. Y. (2)
Parmlee, H. E. (2)
Parker, Lewis
Parkinson, Eddie
Quinn, Eddie
Raymond, Jno. T.
Rubini, P.
Royliance, Mark
Rampone, J. G.
Rooke, Fred
Robbins Burr (2)
Robinson, C. M.
Russell, Rob
Reilly, John
Russell, F. P. (2)
Ravel, C. W.
Rosenbaum, E.
Russell, John
Rabineau, C.
Rasmussen, O. S.
Rice, E.
Rice, Col. J. H.
Rule, Mr.
Rooke, Chas.
Searle, C. J. (2)
Scheppardie, Harry
Simmonds & Wall
Seeley, Chas.
Sprague & Blodgett
Straksoch, Max
Slavin, J. H.
Sherwood, Ben
Snow, Ben
Sands, Edward (2)
Scaulding's Bell Ringers, H. & Sands Bros.
Stevens, Jno. A.
Stackhouse, Harry
Stevens, Jno. E.
Sprague, D. J.
Sawyer Family
Sidney, Robt. T.
Stevens, L. Clinton
Sanyeah, Sami.
Seymour, O. T
Stetson, H. B.
Thompson, Den
Thatcher, Geo.
Tayleure, Clifton
Texas Jack
Thompson, C. H.
Tapper, Chas.
Thayer, Fred L.
Templeton, John
Tierney & Cronin
Traynor, Frank A.
Tillotson, Fred
Tooie, R. M.
Thorne, Jas.
Todd, John
Toole, John A. 6c.
Ura, — (gymnast)
Vennetti, Harry
Vivian, Chas
Vaughan, J. K.
Van Luven, Henry
Vane Tom
Woods, Geo. W. (manager) 6c.
White, Archie
Wentworth, Harry
Withers, Rube
Williams, John
Worman, H. S.
Wilson, Ned
Wilson, John
Warner, J. H.
Washburne, E. S. (2)
Warren, Wm.
Watson, W. H.
Wade, Tommy
Walrom, Tommy
Walters, Chas. (2)
Webb, Albert (2)
Waldron, D. J.
Welch, Fayette
Walters, C. J.
Walker, John

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Prof. C. Lawrence, James P. Gulick, Joseph Parent, Harry Walsh, C. Chas. Bixby & Co., Prof. M. Booth, Wallace Sisters, William Welch, and Prof. Martini.

THERE ARE LETTERS at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Ill., for the following professionals: Sam Lwain and Carrie Leon, D'Alve Sisters, Leon Mendell, Mullen and Magee, the Miltons, Bob De Bar, Billy Pay, William Hasoon, and Ella Heflin.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Nov. 12, '77.

Let us be thankful that election is over; and that, despite the predictions of interested parties, the world continues to revolve on its own axle-trees just the same as though there had been no election. Having got *that* off our mind, let us gird up our loins for Thanksgiving Day, which has been considerately fixed for Thursday, November 29, when the opportunity will be offered every individual to give thanks for the many blessings received during one of the dullest years on record, and thousands turned away, unable to find a stroke of work or a friend indeed to lend them the price of a ton of coal....."Falling weather"—as the old women used to call heavy wets—and boisterous winds served to dampen theatrical business during the past week, and to thrive a doubt upon the alleged receipts at several establishments which claimed big figures....The "Marriage" which was intended to run the old year out and the new year in was dissolved on Saturday night last, after a somewhat inauspicious honeymoon of limited dimensions. This will be sad news to Boucicault, as it shows that the critics were right, and the author was wrong. It is within the probabilities that Dion's days of usefulness as an adaptor are over, and that "Marriage" will prove to be his literary death. ....."The Chimes of Normandy" chome for the last time at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Nov 10. Brother Hess is entitled to our thanks for giving us such a charming opera, cleverly interpreted by a corps who were vocalists in the purest United States language. To our friends throughout the country we cordially commend this new opera and Brother Hess' well-drilled company.....We gave B. L. Farjeon a dinner last Saturday evening at the headquarters of the Lotos Club, and the victuals were unusually enjoyable, because the dishes were disguised in a foreign language, which disguise always interferes with a complete and artistic dissection of the good things provided. Joseph Jefferson, father-in-law of the novelist, was also present, and did ample justice to the *mess*—beg pardon; bill of fare. Many more of us would have been in attendance had we not been busy inspecting the various duties we were called upon to perform at the forthcoming tables of the banquet given a few nights previously to Brother Morgan the English banker, to which men of wealth only were invited. .....You are going to see "The Drunkard's Home" to-night, are you? Well, you'll do nothing of the kind, if you'll keep away from such people, and let the police attend to seeing the drunkards home. "It 'taint that; it's a play at Niblo's." Well, that's another matter, altogether; and let us hope that you will be benefited by the moral influences of such a drama....."Brunhild" went out in the storm of Nov. 10. You talk about Buckstone-in-law? You should have heard Mad. Janauschek open out on Siegfried when she became aware of his duplicity! Had not Mr. Warde been a man of nerve, he must have wilted. Janauschek gave us an extraordinary bit of acting, but the public was unkind, and failed to give her that encouragement to which the great artist was entitled.....If it be true that fifteen per cent of the inmates of lunatic asylums are singers and musicians, it is a sad reflection upon a glorious profession. And yet we have sometimes thought, when listening to an amateur performer on the clarionet, that insanity must run in his family. Perhaps, if all this class was placed in the asylums, the percentage would be increased from fifteen to fifty.....Following close upon the heels of the genuine legitimate comes Lydia Thompson at one of the uptown houses. Lydia brings with her always an air of freshness which is invigorating. She addresses herself directly to the public taste, and dresses herself most becomingly, albeit with an eye to economizing material. [This is now true. We think Lydia could afford to wear long skirts if she chose, but the absence of a train to her dress tends to increase her train of admirers.] .....The circus doesn't appear to lose its hold upon public favor. Does'nt still thrills the spectators by her equestrian skill, and the five elephants continue to attitudinize with all their native grace. We shall go to see Robert Stickney ride, simply to decide whether Robert or Elias can manipulate four horses the better. And then we shall be prepared to accept the overtures of any bidder who happens round..... We want to ask whether a long-suffering public is going to submit to this sort of thing. There is the "incomprehensible artist"—by the way, that qualifying word is refreshingly new, for with all manner of artists we never remember to have met with one willing to admit that he was incomprehensible—the incomprehensible artist, we repeat, openly announces that "he will, in the presence of the audience, eat a live man." We respectfully submit that cannibalism of this sort should not be encouraged in a civilized community. Whether Di Cavanenghi kept his word and actually devoured a man at the Grand Opera-house last night, we do not know. A proper regard for the feelings of our friends prevented us from attending the entertainment. Who knows but what we might have been selected to furnish the incomprehensible a meal? If this sort of thing continues, we shall see obituary verses pretty soon like the following:

IN MEMORIAM.

Our John hath climbed the golden stair,
From us he hath been wrested;
He went to see Cavanenghi,
And now he is digested!

.....Miss Kate Fields is mentioned as having written a new play called "Extremes Meet." Happening to allude to this in the presence of "Our Jim," the latter gives it as his opinion that it is "a boarding-house drama, having reference to hind-quarters of beef, which is the extremest meat *I* know of." And this, too, is fame.....And talking about Fields, we learn that Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, always calculating, always on the qui vive, have started out in a new enterprise, and will have charge of the affairs of a popular lady reader. It is to be hoped that the venture will prove a live speculation, although it is the Potter's field in which they operate.....John Habberton managed "Helen's Babies" pretty well, but he made a sad mistake when he undertook to tackle "The Small Boy;" and if John doesn't make better progress with the new subject, he will have to "put away his little trowsers" or "pull down his vest" altogether.....There is a place in Pennsylvania called Mechanicsburg. The burgess of that queer village has recently issued an order which forbids the "rattling of bones in the streets." This is a severe blow at the business of the undertakers of Mechanicsburg, who, speaking of bones reminds us of the clappers of the bells; and right here we would state that an exchange declares that the curfew has been tolled every evening for seven hundred years at Sandwich, Eng. Now, if Susan B. Anthony tolled the story, we swallow that curfew whole, because there are few persons alive who can beat her so far back.....Out in Racine a baby has just been born with seven fingers on each hand. "Five-fingered-Jack" used to be a good deal, but this juvenile goes two better on each hand.....They say that there is a boa constructor running around loose in the Seventh Senatorial District. [Do not be alarmed, friends; it is a manufacturer of ladies' boas.—ED.] It might add, while we are about it, that seal-skins fur sacks are in demand for matinees.—ED.].....Ambitious of becoming a high-kicker, "Our Jim" shut himself up in a small room in the basement of our office, and at once commenced to practice. He was not missed until the second day after, when the door was broken open, and he was found in an insensible condition on the boards with which the floor is paved. It is supposed he lost his balance. He kicks no more.....A great many thoughtless people have been in the habit of asserting, at various times and with unnecessary emphasis, "that's what's the matter with Hannah!" They really had no idea of what Hannah's difficulties were. They used them as a way to speak, 'twas. It is, therefore, no more than right that these traducers of an innocent woman should drop into Bryant's Opera-house and learn what "Hannah's Troubles" really are.....Yes, we have pondered on that fact before. Over at the Park Theatre in Brooklyn, Col. Sinn is assisted by Treasurer Wile, who pronounces his name in two syllables. Since when has suggestive names ceased they not? And yet these gentlemen—but stop. We will not bury this pearl under an ash-heap of prose. James, bring forth the motor which moves the muses, and keep your eye upon us while we turn out a rhyme to commemorate

A CURIOUS FACT.

A curious fact it is to state
That in a house where Sinn holds sway,
And Wile ways predominate,
The Muse has made its way!

.....Under auspices which are altogether propitious, Mary Anderson will make her bow tonight at the Fifth-avenue. Young, pretty and gifted, she comes to us with the prestige of provincial success—we beg Boston's pardon, but all that is provincial must be designated provincial—and there is every reason to believe that she will satisfy a New York audience. But Mary mustn't expect to satisfy the critics. No; she must remember that the critics' business is to be dissatisfied. Besides, she can solace herself with the thought that just now she is one of the lucky—the "lady-like" lucky—.....Rip Van Winkle sleeps his long sleep at Booth's, but nobody thinks of growing sleepy while Jefferson treads the stage. We observe that some of the daily papers have been ripping Rip's character to shreds of late; but that doesn't in the least detract from his popularity. It matters not how unsympathetic Irving makes the man his hero a worthless vagabond or not. He has become a figure on the stage whom every body recognizes as a friend. We do not want him changed—no; not for Joseph!.....Think of it—a sixteen-year-old girl who turns the scales at 516 pounds! That's what they advertise at the American Museum this week. Is the "sweet sixteen" dated with sweet five-hundred-and-sixteen?.....No, James; B. P. O. E. doesn't stand for Big Plate of Oysters Escaloped, although that is what you would stand for a long time if you could get it. The letters represent Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, and their annual benefit at the Academy of Music last week deserves a crowded house. We fear that you will never become an Elk, James, but you might lay claim to the title of moose. [That stag-gered the youth, as we supposed it would.]..... There wasn't so much "Love Among the Roses" as had been anticipated when the party started out, and somewhere in the Western country a little unpleasantness sprang up between author and manager, and when the leaves began to fall the "Roses" ceased to bloom. Jennie Hughes might add to her collection of ballads a new one commencing thus:

Gaylor the troubadour caught the catarrh
As he was hastening home from the war.

.....Backdoorkeepers must be an impolite class of people, else why do they all lock themselves in when they see us approaching them? One night, last week, when all was still, and the moon shone [Jimmy, see when she was up last. "Saturday night she was due at 9.21, but the rain washed her out."] with a splendor that gave a silvery tinge to things terrestrial, we caught a doorkeeper napping; silently napping, by his old backdoor. Seeing a hand upon a throat covered and unconscious head of the guardian of the stage entrance, we began to interview him. Would you believe it? Ere we could get in our first question he awoke, as if from a dream, and, seeing us, he cried lustily for the police, and of course they took us in! Now, isn't this a pretty state of affairs, O a civilized community, that a doorkeeper possess any rights that a journalist is bound to respect? Is the press—that palladium of liberty—to be silenced by the fiendish prejudices of a doorkeeper, forsooth?.....Now, then, three cheers! Charley Backus has got a baby! Billy Birch and Dave Wambold must feel c-aap enough when they gaze upon the smiling face of their associate, and think of their own *empty* cradles at home. It's a girl! And now the haunts that have known him so long shall know him no more forever; and the friends of his youth who have daily met him at the festive board and joined their voices with his in innocent glee will go their ways in silence, or seek to heal the sting by resort to the flowing bowl. In the beautiful language of the poet, well may they exclaim:

We all met, but we will miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We will linger to caress him;
But, alas! Charles won't be there!

.....Miss Stella Boniface and Miss Meta Bartlett form an attractive team at Wallack's. Now, if Stella's name were also Bartlett, what a brilliant opportunity we would give to say that we had *met a Bartlett pair* that pleased us as they do! Our readers lose a great deal by people having wrong names.....In last week's CLIPPER we incidentally remarked that the Leopard Boy at the American Museum could *change* his spots. An envious showman, seeing this, offered the boy three dollars a week if he would change his spots at once, and join *his* show. This was too mean for anything.....Taken collectively, the letters s, o, t, spell sot, which means, according to the dictionary, an habitual drunkard. Taken separately, and these same letters represent "Sons of Temperance," for which Harrigan and Hart formerly were prosecutors. Thus we see that a full stop, that is a period, can change a sot into a Son of Temperance. [This is instructive as well as entertaining, and ought to lead every drunkard to come to a full stop.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSSED.

It is now said that Adelaide Neilson has unloaded $15,000 worth of her real-estate in Chicago, the purchaser being John S. Clarke.....E. A. Sothern will not play at the Elks benefit. He at first consented but afterwards declined on the ground of impaired health.....The Baron Dei Potet, although now eighty years of age, is still giving lectures in Paris, being a magnetician.....John S. Hoey, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. H., is about to be cherished," etc., having wearied of singleness.....Concerning the rumor that the widow of Dan Bryant is about to be wedded to Senor Reverra, "a Spanish gentleman of great wealth," Dan's brothers are not aware of it. It may or may not be true.....The memorable Father Kemp was the Prohibition candidate for Representative of the Eighteenth Ward of Boston.....Hart Jackson is set down as concocting a four-act play for Den Thompson, to be produced in this city next January.....The immediate family of the late G. L. Fox are the recent ones declining any benefit, while thanking the profession for their expressions of sympathy. On the other hand, it is announced that his widow will shortly appear at one of our variety theatres.....The Feast of the Mechanics" is the strange title of a play billed for production at Germania Hall, Oakland, Cal., Nov. 8.....Thomas Maguire of San Francisco was in Omaha, Neb., Nov. 7.....Miss Emily Gavin, in recitations at the hall of the Union Catholic Library Association on Nov. 9, bade Chicago a public farewell. It is announced that she goes to Boston to prepare herself for the position of reader on the lecture platform. All the American actors will cross the ocean next Summer than ever before. Arrangements are in progress by which the round trip, inclusive of a three weeks' stay at Paris, Exposition time, can be made for $200. The similarity of the speeches of D. H. Harkins and Joseph Jefferson, when on the same night they began engagements in Baltimore, is curious. In this city and were called before the curtain must have furnish o many a plagiser with food for reflection. It is not without a recent parallel, however. Summoned before the curtain in Birmingham, Eng., a short time ago, Adelaide Neilson blew kisses to the spectators, and quoted from Ro-aland, the part she had just finished: "I would kiss as many as had beards that pleased me and complexions that fitted me, and I am sure as many as have good beards or good faces will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell." Called out at Manchester, Mrs. Madge Kendal said the same thing!.....The *Virginia Carsonicle* relates: "Mr. H. J. Sargent, manager of the New Orleans Minstrel Troupe, was pointed out to the officers yesterday as a drummer from San Francisco, and was at once arrested. The officer remarked: 'The minute I saw his diamond-pin I knowed he sold cigars.' An examination showed that the stone was genuine, and he was at once discharged. He says the 'end-man' put up the job, but doesn't know which end it was."

CITY SUMMARY.

THE LAST NIGHT of "The Crushed Tragedian" at the Park Theatre is announced for Nov. 19, and it is to be followed 20 by H. J. Byron's comedy of "The Hornet's Nest," which Mr. Sothern has hitherto produced in various cities in this country; but which will then be acted for the first time in this city. Attendance last week good.

"THE DRUNKARD'S HOME" is to be produced at Niblo's Garden Nov. 12.

THE LONDON CIRCUS did a large business the past week, the attendance at the matinee on Tuesday—election-day—being the largest ever in the edifice at equestrian performances. The same excellent programme which has been given since the opening was continued, the rotation of the various acts being changed.

CHARLEY BACKUS, the well-known Ethiopian comedian, was presented by his wife on Nov. 8 with a daughter.

THE ELKS are so branching out their antlers that at their tenth annual benefit, which is to take place at the Academy of Music on the afternoon of Thursday, Nov. 15, they cannot fail to catch the popular fancy. Their programme will embrace the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet," rendered by Miss Mary Anderson as the representative of Fiske's Fifth-avenue Theatre; Miss Clara Morris, supported by James O'Neil as Armand, in the fourth act of "Camille;" and the sparkling Lotta in the first act of "Musette," backed by the Park Theatre company. Nellie Lingard will recite "Barbara Freitchie;" Charley Backus will give his imitations; Gus Williams and Will H. Morton will sing, and Ira A. Paine will shatter globules with gun-shot; Schoolcraft and Cees will give "Mrs. Ditimus' Party;" Harrigan and Hart, with Billy Gray as the "joker," will appear as the two "bowers" in "The Bradys;" and in the olio several other well-known performers will be seen. As announced by us four weeks ago, Bryant's Minstrels in their first-part will open the bill, which promises to be a merry one. E. A. Sothern will not appear, owing to ill health.

MISS EUGENIE PAUL, now playing in Booth's Theatre, has been on the stage several years, but until recently was known professionally as Miss Lottie Francis.

HI HENRY, the cornet-player, is to arrive in this city Nov. 16, and will bring with him for inspection one dozen silver cornets made by a Western firm.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Kitty O'Neil, Nellie St. John, Pete Cannon, Willis Pickert, Emma Brennan, Gibbons and Russell, Bonnie Runnells, and Seamon and Somers were billed for Nov. 5. All save Nellie St. John appeared. Kittie O'Neil's jig and reel dancing met with their accustomed favor; Pete Cannon in Irish songs and witticisms kept the audience well amused; Willis Pickert proved to be an expert and nimble clog-dancer; Emma Brennan has a sweet and sympathetic soprano voice, which she manages with considerable tact—she was tastily costumed, and several times recalled; Gibbons and Russell in their Irish specialties secured the approval of the spectators—they were seen as "The Cascys," "The Boys from Steel Glonnel," and in burlesque Greco-Roman wrestling act; Bonnie Runnells gave quite successful imitations of prominent Dutch comiques, and displays considerable talent for one so young; Seamon and Somers' abilities as song-and-dance men have been made familiar to our readers by their frequent performances in this city, and they were fully up to their standard; Carrigan and Hart were seen in their revised sketches of "S. O. T." and "Down Broadway," being assisted by the boys composing the Miniature Sixty-ninth Regiment in the last-named sketch. An extra matinee was given Nov. 6. Average attendance good.

CHARITABLE BENEFITS.—The benefit for the Custer Monument Fund at Wallack's Theatre on the afternoon of Nov. 8 was largely attended, many people being unable to obtain admission even. Miss Clara Morris acted Jane Eyre in the drama of that name for the first time. The receipts were $1,798.50, which amount, without any deduction whatever, was presented to the above named fund. Miss Morris defraying the expensed out of her own purse.....On the same afternoon, at the Olympic Theatre, a benefit was given for Mlle. Venturoli, the paralyzed danseuse, who is suffering for the bare necessaries of life. The attendance was meagre, the receipts netting, after deducting what slight expenses there were, $113. The only volunteers who appeared, outside of the regular company at the Olympic, were Mlles. Letourneur, Eugenia Lupo and Mons. Gavan, dancers. Mlle. Betty Rigl, although billed, did not appear. Mlle. Helene Menzeli deserves much credit for her exertions in getting up this benefit.

THE VERY STRONG ATTRACTIONS presented at Tony Pastor's Theatre last week drew a liberal attendance, despite the excitement created by a somewhat closely contested election. Blanche Fontainebleau was seen in a difficult trapeze act, the various feats being rapidly and gracefully accomplished; Jennie Morgan received a cordial welcome as she came upon the stage, and by her inimitable vocalization added to many earlier triumphs in this theatre—later in the evening she and her sister Annie sang duets so well as to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience; their voices blend harmoniously, and, both being skilled musicians, much pleasure was afforded the hearers. William Henry Rice created much merriment in the genuine prima-donna business, and displayed a rich and elegant toilet; Adams and Lee are making steady improvement in their musical act, having recently added several new instruments, upon which they play well; Irwin Thomas in his well-known pedestal clog-dance was liberally applauded; the little Frankenbeld Sisters—Leona and Ella—achieved a marked success in their songs and duets—Ella, who is now only four years of age, displays much archness, and an intelligence far beyond her years; her comicalities provoked shouts of laughter; Leona, ten years of age, is a very pretty child, and she sings and dances well. Larry Tooley, in German character songs-and-dances, met with success, and was frequently recalled. The Suydam Brothers—Frank and Eugene—in exercises upon the horizontal-bar, proved to be excellent performers; John and Lea Pealey in songs and dances, and in response to a request encored a nigger-sketch; Sam Sanford, accustomed standard of excellence; Watson and Ellis, aided by Jennie Satterlee, gave their familiar sketch of "Dutchie in a Fix," creating much amusement. A musical sketch entitled "Love in Livery" introduced Mrs. R. A. Brennan, an excellent vocalist. Mrs. R. A. Brennan, and Capt. George Ellis, a "Mexican" were fairly up to the "Delaisse" in French, and a duet with Mrs. Brennan in German, quite effectively. These comprised the fresh appearances. Tony Pastor, among other songs, sang a parody on "Dorkins the Actor" and "The Hushed Tragedian," which met with a favorable reception; and the programme was filled out by the specialties of Billy Barry, the Allen Sisters, Bob Harrison and Frank Girard.

MLLE. BETTY RIGL, who returned to this city Oct. 30 in the steamship Italy, intends remaining in this country this Winter. She will probably appear at the Broadway during the production of "Antony and Cleopatra."

MME. MODJESKA, who achieved such a marked success when she recently made her American debut in San Francisco, Cal., speaking the English language, is to shortly fulfill a star engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

MME. JANAUSCHEK began an engagement at the Broadway Theatre Nov. 5, acting the title-character in "Brunhild," which ran during the week, attracting a fair average attendance. The drama, which is of too classical and sombre a nature to hit the popular taste of the present day, affords this lady several opportunities to display great dramatic power and artistic ability. She was seen at her best in the scene with Siegfried when he scorns her proffered love; in that with King Gunther, when she demands Siegfried's death; and in the final scene, where she expiates her crime by the sacrifice of her own life. Throughout she was excellently supported, her appearance, and in those portions of the drama requiring the delineation of strong passion and intense rage she acted with consummate art, repressed force and great intensity. While writhing under Siegfried's scorn she masked her great love for him under dissembled hate, and when she gave vocal expression to this pretended passion she resembled most a tigress about to spring upon its prey. As she approached him with cat-like tread, and her eyes gleaming, her denunciations of him became more and more fierce, until her hands almost clutched his person, when an electric thrill went through the audience, which found vent in a tumult of fervid and tuneful applause. F. B. Warde is to be credited with a thoroughly effective impersonation of Siegfried, his reading being intelligent, his enunciation distinct, and his bearing manly and noble; Frederic Robinson, as the somewhat vacillating King Gunther, in manner was dignified and graceful, and his voice was strong and musical; Mr. Taylor had a good conception of the rough old soldier Hagen, and was fairly successful in embodying it; W. J. Coggswell in the comparatively brief part of Giselher was seen to excellent advantage; G. B. Waldron was impressive as Volker; Miss Jeffreys Lewis was lacking in physical power to give due effect to the part of Kriemhild, especially in the scenes with Brunhild, where great force was required, but in all else she was eminently satisfactory; Miss Alice Gray as Sigrun read her lines intelligently, which was all that was required of her. The other minor characters were carefully acted, the distribution being: Hunold, R. J. Dunston; Servant, W. Davere; Gerda, Miss Carlotta Evelyn; Maiden, Miss Adelaide Cherie. The drama was beautifully mounted, every scene having been freshly painted by Messrs. Arrigoni and De La Harpe; new properties and appointments by T. Ryan; and costumes by Mr. Eaves. "Chesney Wold" will be given next week.

BURNHAM'S BIJOU quite as good last week at Booth's Theatre as that of the previous week, save on Saturday night, "Rip Van Winkle" and "Under the Gaslight" continuing the attractions.

AT THE AMERICAN the reinforcements this week are to be Murphy and Shannon, Kerrigan and Gallagher, Mollie Wilson, John and Lea Pealey, Dusik Leach, and the Australian Athletes—Lottie, Leo, Belle and Eli.

THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS of the John Brougham Combination arrived in town during last week.

AT THE NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM Colonel A. W. Hall, with new curiosities from the Pacific Islands and Australia, has arrived. These, combined with the other living curiosities are the recent acquisition, make this exhibition one of the best ever shown. The list of nature's marvels is unusually large, and the greatest marvel to the visitor is that so much can be given for such a small admission-fee. Giants, dwarfs, and all sorts of curiosities can find a place at the Museum by applying to Mr. G. Kunkhead, manager.

TONY PASTOR SHARPE died of scarlet fever and diphtheria at his uncle's residence, 304 West Fortieth street, at midnight Nov. 5, aged one year and seven months. He was the son of George A. and Kate Sharpe (professionally known as Rose St. Audley) and a brother of Katie and Dolly Sharpe.

JENNIE TURNOUR and her mother arrived Nov. 7, after fulfilling a successful season with Old John Robinson's Circus.

RETLAW AND RENO, Carrie Boshell, Emma Brennan, the Hennessey Brothers, John Williams, James Roome and Lou Sanford are the reinforcements at the Gaiety Theatre Nov. 12.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE, Charles and Carrie Austin, Cummings and Harrington, Lilly Linden are billed to appear Nov. 12.

AT THE GAYETY THEATRE, the new people this week are Postelle, John M. Turner, Mlle. Zitella, John and May Cannon, James Beasley, Thomas W. Boise, and William Hayle. No Sunday concerts are given at the Gayety.

MEADE'S MIDGETS are on exhibition daily from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock, at the hall, corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street.

GEO. NEYER, leader of Neyer's Band, this city, died suddenly of apoplexy Nov. 10. He was sixteen years in the street, and was carried to the police-station, where he expired. He was about 55 years of age, and was born near Frankfort, Germany, coming to this country in 1849. Although a musician, he at first devoted himself to a trade until his professional engagements became remunerative, and during the war served as leader of the New York 9th Regiment Band, then known as the Eighty-third New York State Volunteers. He was known as a capable E flat cornet-player, and in certain social circles his band was a popular one. Lately he had been unfortunate in securing engagements, and his ill-success gave him great mental anxiety, and prepared the way for his quick demise. He leaves a wife and three children.

"THE FUNNY BABIES" is what "Helen's Babies" is now called at the San Francisco Minstrels, and the names of the characters have been changed. Charley Backus plays one of the babies, and we may expect a marked improvement in his acting, now that he has got a real live baby of his own to copy after. The changes in the programme last week included "The Bridge," effectively sung by H. W. Frillman; "She is Waiting for Us There," by W. Raymond; "See that My Grave's Kept Green," by the silver-voiced D. S. Wambold; and "The Day when You'll Forget Me," by J. G. Russell. In the olio the specialties of Ricardo, Bob Hart, Johnson and Powers, and Edwin French afforded much healthful amusement. Attendance good.

FRANK AND EVA BENNETT and Curry and Hall are to appear on Nov. 26 at the Theatre Comique.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S BENEFIT at the Twenty-third-street Opera-house, on Friday, was not a very successful affair either in attendance or as regards the performance. Quite a number of the people billed did not appear, the lady artists being especially noticeable by their absence, and matters were considerably mixed in the stage-management.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE, this week, a new spectacular comedy by Mme. R. Neuville, entitled "A King's Amours," will be produced, introducing B

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., letter, dated Nov. 4, is as follows: "'The Third Estate,' produced at the California Theatre Oct. 29, with Mrs. D. P. Bowers in the character of Mirah, ran through the week, to fair business. The play is barren of any illustration of bare possibilities, and is too heavy and 'ot too sombre a cast to become popular. This opinion is confirmed by its excellent production here, which could not save it from being 'damned with faint praise.' T. W. Keene as Francois, Nelson Decker as Barnabe, Willie Seymour as Louis, Ellie Wilton as Countess Montmorin, and Frankie McClellan as Julie, rendered good support. 'Macbeth,' Nov. 5, with Barton Hill in the title-role and Mrs. Bowers as Lady Macbeth. By mutual consent, and in the interest of the management, Mrs. Bowers has surrendered two weeks of her six weeks' engagement, thus enabling Mr. Dampier, the Australian actor, to appear on the 12th in his play, 'All for Gold,' to be followed by a dramatization of 'Helen's Babies,' in which Dampier's daughters Rose and Lily will appear. Madame Modjeska, who is darting meteor-like through the interior in a succession of brilliant engagements, will reappear at this theatre 26..... At the Grand Opera house the feature of the week has been the neat acting of M. A. Kennedy as Hass in the play of 'Ultimo.' J. R. Grismer, a general favorite, played Jack Bruno with considerable grace and humor, which was rather impaired by an unfortunate rasping monotony of declamation. E. F. Thorne, A. D. Bradley, W. H. Whitecar, Miss Stanley, Emily Thorne and Jennie Murdoch were in the cast. Annie Bleakly made her California debut as Virginia Grayson. The Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe is to appear for one week, beginning 5, in 'Mignon,' in conjunction with lima di Murska. 'Freaks of Fortune,' a new comedy by Clay M. Green, 'Round the Clock,' and 'Bottom of the Sea,' are in preparation.....The commencement of the dramatic season at Baldwin's Theatre, after a great deal of postponement and disappointment, is announced to positively take place 12, when C. R. Thorne Jr. and a New York company will appear in 'Les Danicheffs.' They will arrive 6.....J. K. Emmet has filled the Bush-street Theatre every night through the week with 'Fritz.' He will produce 'Kaiser' 5. The Kiraify Combination appear 12. ....Emerson's Minstrels are doing a rushing business with Kelly and Ryan and Billy Rice as the favorites. Emerson and Pat Rooney appear 5. Kelly and Leon and the Adah Richmond Burlesque Company are engaged.....At the German Stadt Theatre Mme. Von Racowitza takes a farewell benefit to-night.....The Adelphi Theatre is doing a splendid business with an excellent variety company, as the following names will verify: Rickey and McCarthy, John Hart, A. C. Moreland, Reynolds Brothers, Miss Cecil St. Cyr and Marie Zoel.....At the Academy of Music Lotta begins to-night. The bill includes 'Masks and Faces,' the principal characters by Alice Harrison, T. W. Keene, E. F. Thorne, M. B. Curtis, Ella Wilton, J. N. Long and J. R. Grismer, recitations, etc.....Miss Catherine Lewis, sister of Jeffreys Lewis, is organizing an operabouffe company for a tour through the interior. .....Marcus R. Mayer, whilom theatrical manager, will in the near future declaim democratic doctrines in the State Senate.....Prof. G. Macfor will be leading man of Piper's New Theatre, Virginia City.....J. B. Pond and W. B. Barton, managers of the 'Bench Show,' have been successful in their experimental undertaking.....James M. Ward and dramatic company open at the Standard.....The Fish sisters, of Hern's theatre, Portland, Oregon, will be inaugurated 8 by the Richings-Bernard Opera Company."

OLIVER DOUD BYRON closed a fairly successful six-nights engagement at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 10. It opened in the Byron Hough," which was well mounted and cast, the support afforded by the stock company being excellent, Miss Florence Kennedy as Maud McCullough, Fred Wren as Jacob Schultz, and E. L. Mortimer as Percy Burton performing their parts admirably. "Across the Continent" was produced 7, and "Our Oddities" 9, 10. Nov. 12 Adah Richmond Burlesque Troupe opens a week's engagement.

"OUR BACHELORS," an entirely new and original four-act comedy, written expressly for Robson and Crane by Jos. Bradford of Boston, received its first production on any stage Nov. 7, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. The story opens with three single gentlemen—Juan Bangle, Judge Joseph Jowler and Doctor Brisco—residing in a boarding-house, whose force is increased by the arrival from Europe of Ned Waring, a nephew of Judge Jowler, who has been sent to marry Eve Clinton, a rich young widow whom he has never seen. Unfortunately for him, he meets Mrs. Clinton without knowing who she is, and falls desperately in love with her. This dissatisfies him with his purposed match with the widow, and his uncle unites with him in a plot to disgust Mrs. Clinton with him. In the meantime Juan Bangle, a professor of music, getting rich, receives notoriety and becomes the favorite of the different ladies, though he loves but one, Clara Courtney. Dr. Bruce wants to marry Bella Blythe, and Muidoon, a comic servant, also wishes wedlock. Jowler endeavors to prevent all these matches and, in so doing, falls a victim to the attractions of Mrs. Mouser, the boarding house keeper. The various complications are finally straightened out, and the different couples are all happily paired. The cast of this new comedy was as follows: Juan Bangle, Stuart Robson; Judge Joseph Jowler, W. H. Crane; Ned Waring, Chas. Walcot; Dr. Bruce, Lin Harris; Muldoon, G. W. Howard; Snugg, B. W. Turner; Eve Clinton, Mrs. Chas. Walcot; Clara Courtney, Lizzie Creese; Mrs. Mouser, Mrs. O. Henri; Bella Blythe, Miss Alice Sherwood; Katy, Miss Julia Forster. Despite the slight construction of their new piece, it was very favorably received, the situations being very amusing, and the acting excellent, Robson, Crane and Howard and Mrs. Charles Walcot being unusually good in their respective parts. Our Bachelors" was repeated to full houses during the week. Miss Louise Pomeroy commences here 12 in her new drama "Gemma," followed by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence 19.

JOHN BROUGHAM being too ill, his dates—12, for one week—at Detroit were canceled, and filled by the loi-me-o Opera Troupe.....Holman was the attraction at the Grand Opera-house for the week ending 10. McKee Rankin, supported by Kitty Blanchard, Dora Goldthwaite, Vining Bowers, and Louis Aldrich, in "The Danites," are billed for five nights commencing 13, the 12th being devoted to a dress rehearsal.

TAGS—The benefit to Wm. T. Porter, scenic-artist in San Francisco, is reputed to have realized nearly $1,000. ....Was he not that caring one, Lo, the Cincinnati Orus..... Cincinnati audiences and the Cincinnati press object to the ruffian's talk about "rag-money" in Daly's play of "Pique," presented last week at the Grand Opera-house, that City. Horace McVicker was in Louisville, Ky., last week.....Edwin Booth is accompanied on his professional jaunt by his wife and daughter.....W. A. Seaver, formerly of Harrison's company, has embarked in writing a burlesque upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is for one of the San Francisco theatres.....Charles Barton Hill of San Francisco has been confined to his house by illness.....Manager T. W. Davey will return to Detroit during the last week of the current month.....Manager Will E. Chapman, while in Cleveland, O., on Nov. 7, was served with a notice of application for alimony in behalf of Mrs. Chapman, who declines to recognize the divorce he obtained from her in the Probate Court of Box Elder County, Utah. She desires a separate maintenance upon a reasonable scale of figures.....Miss Jane Coombs is under engagement to play Juliet at the Opera-house, Cincinnati, to-night.....Fanny Davenport's Pique," from Pike's Peak, viewed Fanny Davenport's "Pique" from a private box at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, Nov. 6.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redmond are at present in San Francisco. The lady was a favorite in this city twenty-three years ago as Mrs. T. D. Yeomans.....Augustin Daly was visible in Cincinnati during the closing half of last week. Miss Stanley, Emily Thorne and Jennie Murdoch were in the cast. Annie Bleakly made her California debut as Virginia Grayson. The Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe is to appear for one week, beginning 5, in 'Mignon,' in conjunction with lima di Murska. 'Freaks of Fortune,' a new comedy by Clay M. Green, 'Round the Clock,' and 'Bottom of the Sea,' are in preparation.....The commencement of the dramatic season at Baldwin's Theatre, after a great deal of postponement and disappointment, is announced to positively take place 12, when C. R. Thorne Jr. and a New York company will appear in 'Les Danicheffs.' They will arrive 6.....J. K. Emmet has filled the Bush-street Theatre every night through the week with 'Fritz.' He will produce 'Kaiser' 5. The Kiraify Combination appear 12. ....Emerson's Minstrels are doing a rushing business with Kelly and Ryan and Billy Rice as the favorites. Emerson and Pat Rooney appear 5. Kelly and Leon and the Adah Richmond Burlesque Company are engaged.....At the German Stadt Theatre Mme. Von Racowitza takes a farewell benefit to-night.....The Adelphi Theatre is doing a splendid business with an excellent variety company, as the following names will verify: Rickey and McCarthy, John Hart, A. C. Moreland, Reynolds Brothers, Miss Cecil St. Cyr and Marie Zoel.....At the Academy of Music Lotta begins to-night. The bill includes 'Masks and Faces,' the principal characters by Alice Harrison, T. W. Keene, E. F. Thorne, M. B. Curtis, Ella Wilton, J. N. Long and J. R. Grismer, recitations, etc.....Miss Catherine Lewis, sister of Jeffreys Lewis, is organizing an operabouffe company for a tour through the interior. .....Marcus R. Mayer, whilom theatrical manager, will in the near future declaim democratic doctrines in the State Senate.....Prof. G. Macfor will be leading man of Piper's New Theatre, Virginia City.....J. B. Pond and W. B. Barton, managers of the 'Bench Show,' have been successful in their experimental undertaking.....James M. Ward and dramatic company open at the Standard.....The Fish sisters, of Hern's theatre, Portland, Oregon, will be inaugurated 8 by the Richings-Bernard Opera Company."

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JOHN BROUGHAM being too ill, his dates—12, for one week—at Detroit were canceled, and filled by the loi-me-o Opera Troupe.....Holman was the attraction at the Grand Opera-house for the week ending 10. McKee Rankin, supported by Kitty Blanchard, Dora Goldthwaite, Vining Bowers, and Louis Aldrich, in "The Danites," are billed for five nights commencing 13, the 12th being devoted to a dress rehearsal.

TAGS—The benefit to Wm. T. Porter, scenic-artist in San Francisco, is reputed to have realized nearly $1,000. ....Was he not that caring one, Lo, the Cincinnati Orus..... Cincinnati audiences and the Cincinnati press object to the ruffian's talk about "rag-money" in Daly's play of "Pique," presented last week at the Grand Opera-house, that City. Horace McVicker was in Louisville, Ky., last week.....Edwin Booth is accompanied on his professional jaunt by his wife and daughter.....W. A. Seaver, formerly of Harrison's company, has embarked in writing a burlesque upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is for one of the San Francisco theatres.....Charles Barton Hill of San Francisco has been confined to his house by illness.....Manager T. W. Davey will return to Detroit during the last week of the current month.....Manager Will E. Chapman, while in Cleveland, O., on Nov. 7, was served with a notice of application for alimony in behalf of Mrs. Chapman, who declines to recognize the divorce he obtained from her in the Probate Court of Box Elder County, Utah. She desires a separate maintenance upon a reasonable scale of figures.....Miss Jane Coombs is under engagement to play Juliet at the Opera-house, Cincinnati, to-night.....Fanny Davenport's "Pique," from Pike's Peak, viewed Fanny Davenport's "Pique" from a private box at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, Nov. 6.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redmond are at present in San Francisco. The lady was a favorite in this city twenty-three years ago as Mrs. T. D. Yeomans.....Augustin Daly was visible in Cincinnati during the closing half of last week. Miss Stanley, Emily Thorne and Jennie Murdoch were in the cast. Annie Bleakly made her California debut as Virginia Grayson. The Kellogg-Cary Opera Troupe is to appear for one week, beginning 5, in 'Mignon,' in conjunction with lima di Murska. 'Freaks of Fortune,' a new comedy by Clay M. Green, 'Round the Clock,' and 'Bottom of the Sea,' are in preparation.....The commencement of the dramatic season at Baldwin's Theatre, after a great deal of postponement and disappointment, is announced to positively take place 12, when C. R. Thorne Jr. and a New York company will appear in 'Les Danicheffs.' They will arrive 6.....J. K. Emmet has filled the Bush-street Theatre every night through the week with 'Fritz.' He will produce 'Kaiser' 5. The Kiraify Combination appear 12. ....Emerson's Minstrels are doing a rushing business with Kelly and Ryan and Billy Rice as the favorites. Emerson and Pat Rooney appear 5. Kelly and Leon and the Adah Richmond Burlesque Company are engaged.....At the German Stadt Theatre Mme. Von Racowitza takes a farewell benefit to-night.....The Adelphi Theatre is doing a splendid business with an excellent variety company, as the following names will verify: Rickey and McCarthy, John Hart, A. C. Moreland, Reynolds Brothers, Miss Cecil St. Cyr and Marie Zoel.....At the Academy of Music Lotta begins to-night. The bill includes 'Masks and Faces,' the principal characters by Alice Harrison, T. W. Keene, E. F. Thorne, M. B. Curtis, Ella Wilton, J. N. Long and J. R. Grismer, recitations, etc.....Miss Catherine Lewis, sister of Jeffreys Lewis, is organizing an operabouffe company for a tour through the interior. .....Marcus R. Mayer, whilom theatrical manager, will in the near future declaim democratic doctrines in the State Senate.....Prof. G. Macfor will be leading man of Piper's New Theatre, Virginia City.....J. B. Pond and W. B. Barton, managers of the 'Bench Show,' have been successful in their experimental undertaking.....James M. Ward and dramatic company open at the Standard.....The Fish sisters, of Hern's theatre, Portland, Oregon, will be inaugurated 8 by the Richings-Bernard Opera Company."

OLIVER DOUD BYRON closed a fairly successful six-nights engagement at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 10. It opened in the Byron Hough," which was well mounted and cast, the support afforded by the stock company being excellent, Miss Florence Kennedy as Maud McCullough, Fred Wren as Jacob Schultz, and E. L. Mortimer as Percy Burton performing their parts admirably. "Across the Continent" was produced 7, and "Our Oddities" 9, 10. Nov. 12 Adah Richmond Burlesque Troupe opens a week's engagement.

AIMEE and her new opera-bouffe troupe commenced a two weeks' season at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 6, appearing in "La Jolie Parfumeuse," in which Mlle. Mario and Mons. Mollard and Castel made their first appearances in that city. The repertory for the rest of Aimee's first week included "Girofle-Girofla," "Barbe Bleue," "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and "La Belle Helene." "La Marjolaine" Nov. 12.

THEODORE THOMAS' Orchestra and Master Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, gave a concert at the academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Nov. 5.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY appeared at Association Hall, Philadelphia, on Nov. 7, and are now giving concerts at churches in that city.

"THE CREATION" was presented at the Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 6, the hall being densely crowded. Emma Thursby, H. A. Bischoff and Franz Remmertz took part in the performance.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY commence at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 19.

THE SWEDISH LADY VOCAL QUARTET, with Aptommas the harp-soloist, have drawn a very fair series of houses the past week at McCormick Hall, Chicago, Ill.....The Hive-King testimonial comes off Nov. 12 at McCormick Hall. Mme. Hive-King will have the assistance of Thursby, Drasdel, Kempton, Messrs. Myron Whitney, Wolfsohn, Lewis, Baird, the Madrigal Club, and a volunteer chorus from the Apollo Club, under direction of Wm. L. Tomlins.....Freyer's German-opera Troupe opens in Brooklyn Theatre Nov. 12.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY are to concertize in Newark, N. J., Nov. 16, 17.

THE THIRD CONCERT of Prof. Frank Gilder's series is to take place in Newark, N. J., Nov. 19.

A CORNET-PLAYER to lead the band, arrange music, and play 1st cornet in Theatre fitted at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich. See card.

GILMORE'S BAND is to perform in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 15, Academy of Music, New York 16, 17, 18 (Sunday), Norristown, N. J., 19; Newark 20, Trenton 21, Wilmington, Del., 22, Lancaster, Pa., 23, Reading 24, Easton 26, Wilkesbarre 27, Scranton 28, Elmira, N. Y., 29. Charles Melville is the agent.

THE HOLMAN OPERA COMPANY have canceled their dates for Louisville, Ky., where they were to have appeared three weeks, commencing Nov. 12.

ALICE OATES' ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA COMPANY drew crowded houses at the academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week. The operas produced were "Girofle-Girofla" 5, "La Fille de Mme. Angot" 6, "La Jolie Parfumeuse" 7 and matinee 10, "Girofle-Girofla" 8, "Princess Trebizonde" 9, and "Barbe Bleue" 10. The severe weather affected the voices of several of the troupe. "La Grande Duchesse" could not be sung as intended 10, on account of Mr. Laurent being out of voice. Route ahead: Erie, Pa., 12, Titusville 13, 14, Oil City 15, Meadville 16, Millertown 19, Petrolia 20, Franklin 21, Meadville 22 and 23, and Youngstown, O., 24.

EMMA ABBOTT had a good-sized audience at Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house Nov. 5, giving the best of satisfaction, and sang in Fort Wayne, Ind., 9.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE begin a week's season 12 in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house.

MR. AND MRS. FLORENCE, of Arch-st. Legal was to have endeavored to make himself understood in French on Oct. 30, in San Francisco.....As the tag of a concertgiven by the Druidin Saengerchor at Tivoli Hall, Cincinnati, on Nov. 4, Prof. Carl Barus was called upon to lead the service valued at $150.....At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Mozart Association, Cincinnati, on Nov. 5, twenty-four members were present, and elected to them were three ladies.....Mme. Pappenheim sat in state at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, last week. Charles Fradel was also made that house his headquarters.....The Cathedral Hall, Richmond, Va., on Nov. 8, there is to be a vocal and instrumental concert for a charitable purpose.....The Young Men's Library Association of Cincinnati have engaged Pike's Opera-house, and concerts to be given on Nov. 13.....The Mendelssohn Quintet of Boston is to visit Cincinnati on Nov. 30 for the purpose of giving concerts in Pike's Opera-house.....The Turn-hall, Oakland, Cal., on Oct. 31, there was a well-attended concert for the benefit of the widow of Captain Lichtenberg, who died in the Arctic regions last March. Cincinnati Orchestra will take place at Pike's Opera-house during the first week in December.....Louis Ballentyne, "the child player-organist," was at Mozart Hall, O., Nov. 8, assisting Mrs. R. W. Richey.....The Orioles Glee Club of Covington, Ky., reorganizes for the season to-night.....The Harmonie Society of Cincinnati are to occupy Melodeon Hall, that city, Nov. 13.....Miss Julia A. Slayton, mezzo soprano, and sister of Mrs. General Bradley T. Johnson, sang at the seventy-eighth musicale of the Mozart Association of Richmond, Va., Nov. 8.....At Prof. Greigg's concert at Tweddle Hall, Albany, N. Y., Nov. 15, Miss Clara Luisa Emilio, soprano of Boston, Mass., will make her first appearance in that city, as likewise will the Novello Madrigal Club under Prof. Farahurst.....The Apollo Club of Boston, Mass., filled Music Hall to overflowing on Nov. 7, people, on the night of Nov. 7, the Harvard Symphony Concert being been given there in the afternoon.....Miss Alice Swain, one of the leading vocalists of Richmond, Va., in a concert at Mozart Hall, Nov. 8.....Mrs. Dr. Bliss and Harriet Hosmer the sculptor is a concert-singer.....The Haiaka Quintet Club of St. Louis announce their first concert for Nov. 21 at Mercantile Hall.....Polly Bassett establishes her "singin'-skew" at Tweddle Hall, Albany, this week.....The Liederkranz Society of St. Louis announce their first concert this season on Nov. 3, at Germania Hall.....The German Military Band of New Orleans were to have begun a series of concerts at the Grand Opera Theatre, that city, on the 11th inst.....Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was performed at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Nov. 7, at a concert under the auspices of Brooks' Seminary.....Miss Ida M. Welch, Miss Fanny Bellows and Mr. Whitney are to appear in the oratorio of "Elijah" at Salem, Mass., Dec. 12.....Frank L. Young, Boston basso, is engaged for twelve concerts in Philadelphia and vicinity.....Emma Abbott is expected in Nashville, Tenn., in December..... Norman M. Cloud has become organist and musical director of Harvard Church, Charlestown, Mass.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT NEWTON'S VARIETIES, Hartford, Ct., the attendance was large last week and a good programme was presented. Charles and Carrie Austin in musket drill and fine shooting; J. W. McAndrews in negro-singing and dancing; Billy and Eddie Bateman in sword combat clog constituted the new attractions. Closed 10: Austins, to New York; McAndrews, to Boston; and Noonan and Alice Bateman, to Providence. To open 12: Neil Burgess, Oscar Willis, Charles L. Bassett, Frank Bell, Leonore Bradley and the Parker sisters. The present London Pavilion business fell off somewhat last week, owing to the non-appearance of people announced.....Ella Caldwell, whose vocal efforts were applauded; James Taylor, Irish vocalist; and Kitty Allyne were also added to the bill on the 10th a couple of experts in the manly, announced as Pete Lawler and Johnny Reilly, donned the mitts, and indulged in three rounds of hit, flip and get away, which gave much enjoyment to the audience. Ole Allerup, leader of the orchestra, is in poor health, and under the care of a medical aid. Until he shall have convalesced, Robert Echardt will lead the orchestra. Closed 10: Wm. Huntley and Kitty Allyne. Billed for 12: Hawley and Noon, Smith and Byrne, Harry Clifton, Chas. Reilly, Levi Bundy, Morris Gaines, Howard Thompson, Frank and Annie De Forest, and Lizzie Byron. Advices of Nov. 11.

PRIVATE LESSONS are given on the trapeze, rings and in general gymnastics by Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, who advertise.

GOOD BUSINESS was the order of the week at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., where a bill was presented sufficiently diversified to satisfy the tastes of all patrons. A "parlor" minstrel scene, in which pink tights predominated, was followed by Johnny Queen in Irish character song-and-dance; Kennedy and Clark in breakdown songs-and-dances; Kunz and Lester in Dutch serio-comic songs, and was seen later in conjunction with her sister; King Sarbro, who performed his familiar feats upon a rope; Minnie Clyde in character specialties; Queen and West in "Corporal Jim and I;" living pictures of a purely classic order; William West, who was heard on the banjo; Kennedy and Clark in a Lancashire clog; and the farce of "The Crowded Room," in which Frank Wills met with enthusiastic applause. The new faces announced for this week are Samson and Somers, Charles and Annie Whiting, Sam Baylis, W. A. Allen, and R. W. Smith.

FIRE.—Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., was destroyed by fire on the morning of Nov. 10. Our correspondent says: "How the fire originated is not at this writing known. The scenery, properties, and everything inside the walls of the theatre that would burn were destroyed. The scenery of 'The Black Crook,' belonging to Palmer & Co., and the wardrobes of the performers, with the exception of those belonging to Miss Lucy Clifton and Foley and Sheffer, were devoured by the flames. The building belonged to the Trimble heirs, on which there was no insurance. The theatre was erected by Benjamin Trimble Sr., deceased, and was first opened in September, 1858. C. think, and he continued the manager of the place for several seasons. He was succeeded by the following persons, if my memory is not faulty: Dick O'Neil, W. C. Smythe, Aimee & Smythe, Jefferson & Williams, Williams alone, W. C. Smythe again, the late V. E. Beamer, Aimee again, Gardner and John Trimble, and Williams again. Whether the theatre will be rebuilt has not as yet been decided. Manager Williams will close his season at the Academy of Music on Liberty street, and, excepting Saturday's matinee, no performances will be missed."

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Nov. 5, Miss Beryl Brenton and Frank Lavelle were the new people, they replacing Jennie Eagan and Josie Farron, who left to fulfill engagements elsewhere. Business has been generally good. Departures: The Carera Sisters, to Austin; Sullivan and Green, to San Antonio; Eugene and Malcolm, no engagement. Opening Nov. 10: Mulligan and Morris, Chas. Young, Kate Morris and Mlle. Albertine.....At Bremond's Theatre Comique, Etta May appeared for the first time, her songs and dances being much appreciated. Booked for Nov. 19: Manchester and Jennings. Business only moderate. Letter of Nov. 7.

THE TIVOLI THEATRE, Bancock, Mich., was opened Oct. 29 with the following company: Sam Dearin, stage-manager; Ida Dearin, Paddy Welch, Mons. Wildman, Lottie Burbank, Emma Reynolds, and Prof. White, leader of orchestra.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., whose cards find elsewhere, request artists wishing engagements to correspond with them.

VARIETY PERFORMERS, a leader of orchestra and violinist, and a double bass and tuba player are wanted by Brown & Rouse, who advertise.

THE FREEMAN SISTERS, their clever sketch "Proverbs;" Helene Smith in songs-and-dances; Tim Rogers in Irish vocalism; S. Hyde Baughman and Edward Huhn in feats of marksmanship, and Jule Keen in his drama "Chris," were the new faces at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, on Nov. 5. Morris and Fields, Baughman and Hyde, and Jule Keen closed here Nov. 10. Frank Bell, Ben Dodge, Zegrino and Levanion, and A. H. Sheldon and Miss Nellie Sandford open Nov. 12.

AT THE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., Conchita Ronzatti failed to appear Nov. 4 as advertised, owing to a mistake in the date. The Alvaretta Brothers, trapeze performers, and Geo. W. Wood, bone-soloist, supplied the deficiency. Harry Saxton's Comique Orchestra assisted Lillie Hall in several songs, and were deservedly applauded. A new song would enhance Miss Jessie Willis' singing considerably. Closing 10: Manchester and Jennings, to Galveston, Texas; Lillie Hall, New York; Alvaretta Brothers, St. Leon, Courtney and Showers and George W. Wood, destination unknown. Thatcher and Hume, Conchita Ronzatti, Albert Freire and the Brasilian Troupe begin Nov. 11. The new faces at the Globe were Hall and Thompson, Lizzie Chatta, Dan Wolfe, Mme. Macart, classic statues, and E. T. Goodrich in the play of "Under Oath." Closing 10: E. T. Goodrich, to New York; Frankie Chrissy, Chicago; Mme. Macart, Lizzie Chatta and Johnny Smith. Billed for 11: Harry Turner, Lillie Maude Ellis and E. T. Ellis. The following dramatic stars will appear in succession: Harry Spriggs, J. J. Riley, G. W. Barton, Fanny Herring, W. H. Langdon, John T. Dowling, Hoinge-Grover Jr., Jule Keen, and Charlotte Stanley.....J. R. Taylor, end-man and banjo soloist; Zella Renard, dancer; and Minnie Clayton, actress, were the new features at Looney's Nov. 4. Manager Ed. Gaffey had a big benefit 8.....Jennie Oates, serio-comic, opened at the Tivoli 4. Advices of Nov. 9.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS desiring engagements with Tony Pastor's Traveling Troupe next season, commencing about April 1, 1878, are requested to address Tony Pastor, as per advertisement.

THE HUDSON BROS., double-clog and plantation song-and-dance artists, after a tour through the South, are at present disengaged. They can be addressed as per card.

CHARLES DIAMOND, Milanese minstrel, in his songs-and-dances and harp-solos, is now performing at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., and opens in Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 19. He will return to the Theatre Comique, this city, Nov. 26, and desires communications to be sent as per advertised route.

JAS. A. REYNOLDS advertises for an engagement to learn the business. He states that he can give imitations of prominent actors.

HARRY G. LAMBKIN, revolving trick-barrel and dancing-table equilibrist, late of the Van Amburg, now, is at present visiting his home, and requires all communications to be sent as per card.

AT SLOSSER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Danville, Ill., the arrivals Nov. 5 were Irwin T. Bush and Charles Rees. Departures 10: George S. Garland, Georgie Graham, Irwin T. Bush and Charles Rees. Nat and Bernetta Blossom are the newcomers this week.

CHARLES LANDIS of the Landis Brothers, was presented by his wife, Nov. 2, with a son, in Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DAILEY BROTHERS and Emerson and Clark, "King High-kickers," insert their card in another column.

THE NEW ATTRACTIONS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., Nov. 5, were Dan and Josie Morris, Harry Blanchard and Della Sheppard, Miss Gussie McCaine and A. Brooks. Closing 10: Dan and Josie Morris, to White's Hall, for benefit of the Church of the Good Shepherd, East Toledo, 12, 13, 14; Armstrong and Lamont and Lizzie Barrett, sandusky; Boyd and Sarsfield, Philadelphia; Harry Blanchard and Della Sheppard, Detroit. Lew and Nellie Woodward are paying a visit to friends in the city. They open in Cleveland 22. Geo. White was presented with a very fine set of ivory bones by C. O. Benjamin of this city. Opening 12: Sheiman Sisters, Amy De Brent, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Walton, Wesley and Eldridge, Lizardie and Donna Olivia.....At the Coliseum the new people were Owen McCabe and the Corvella Bros. On the latter's opening night, during a trapeze act, Frank, while hanging by his feet, which he clinched to his brother's feet, had the misfortune to come in contact with the lower bar, causing one foot to lose its position and leaving him hanging by one foot; the signal was given for the other bar, but it did not reach him in time, and he fell about twelve feet, striking upon his face and cutting it severely. As he was swinging when he fell, and directly over the chairs, it must be called a very narrow escape from death. He is about again, and performing. Closing 10: Ed. Morley and wife, to Cincinnati. Opening 12: Morton and Cassidy and J. E. Parker and wife.

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RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid or at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 2 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTH USEFUL INFORMATION.

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THE ROBINSONS,
AMELIA AND THOMAS,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED
MUSICAL SKETCH ARTISTS AND DANCERS.
Address care of CLIPPER OFFICE.

Please send in copy as early as convenient, and address all communications to FRANK QUEEN,
Publisher and Proprietor,
88 and 90 Centre street,
POST-OFFICE BOX 3,860. New York.

OPERA-HOUSE,
SHERMAN, TEXAS.
POPULATION 8,000.
This new hall is one of the most beautiful in the Southwest. Lit with gas. Scenery complete. Seating capacity 600. Size of stage 20x26ft. For terms and particulars address COOK & WRIGHT,
15-30t* Lessees and Managers.

NEBRASKA CITY, NEB.
HAWKES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Only licensed theatre in the city. Own all billboards.
W. T. CANADA,
22-30t* Manager, Box 266.

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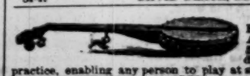

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